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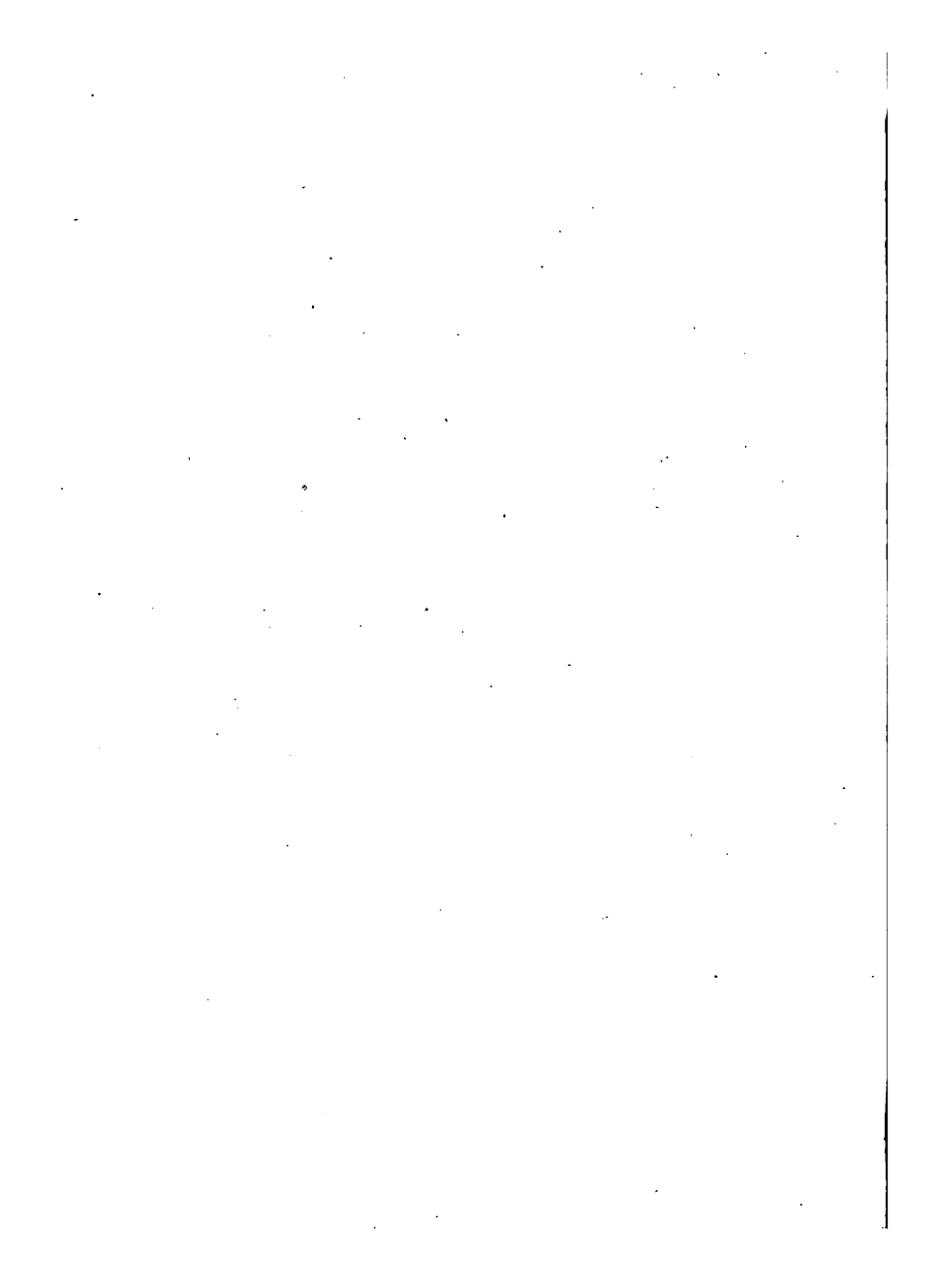
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POEMS

ILLUSTRATED

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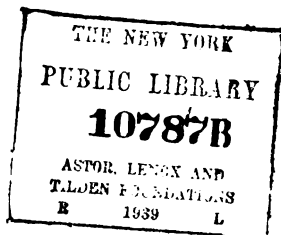
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10 THE PROPHECIES OF DEY-GAR-NAH-WE'-DAH.

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Forty days—and forty nights  
Will the mighty waters flow  
Covering all the mountain heights  
Spoke Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah slow.

Come my people—heed the warning—  
To the valley—lying low  
Long before the hours of morning  
Will the mighty waters flow.

Some they were who quickly fled  
To the very highest hill  
Others there—who proudly led  
Back again with scorning will.

Some there were—with doubting smile  
At his story—as of yore  
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah loved to wile  
Idle fancies—nothing more.

Scattered they—but few remained  
To heed the word the prophet spake  
Two of every tribe—contained  
To listen—for his own dear sake.

Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah led them all  
To the depths—the lowest vale \*  
The towering hills appeared a wall  
Which made his followers bewail.

All who go upon the hills  
Are the words the prophet said  
Go to die. § Ha-wah-ne'-u wills  
To save the people not afraid.

---

\* Hudson

§ Ha-wah-ne'-u Great spirit. . . .

One mile square—the prophet measured  
When the low land had been reached  
Many years the red man treasured  
The tale Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah preached.

Closely gathered in this square  
Heads bow'd down with shivering fear  
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah standing there  
And his face is shining clear.

Toward the sky—he turns his eyes  
Sweeping like the eagles glance  
Dark clouds cover now the skies  
Darkness that came not by chance.

In torrents fell the heavy rain  
Black night reigned upon the earth  
Millions now had felt the pain  
And obedience had found birth.

The waters formed four towering walls  
About the carefully measured space  
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah softly calls  
Ha-wah-ne'-u to guard his race.

For forty days and forty nights  
Did the mighty waters fall  
Covering all the mountain heights  
Drowning beasts and people—all.

Two of every tribe were spared  
Two of every bird and fish  
In pairs all kind of beast were cared  
Such was Ha-wah-ne'-u's wish.

With kindly word and loving cheer  
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah watched his flock  
Through the days so dark and drear  
His council'd words they will not mock.



## 12 THE PROPHECIES OF DEY-GAR-NAH-WE'-DAH.

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When hunger came—the water yields  
Fish with which they are sustained  
The prophet o'er his people wields  
A trusting spirit truthfully gained.

And now the heavy rains subside  
The towering water walls recede  
The people gratefully confide  
Their prophet's wish and humbly heed.

Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah told the crow  
Who till this time had been pure white  
Out to you mountain shall you go  
And tell me all within your sight.

Willingly the bird obeyed  
And brought the prophet this sad tale  
The reason he had been delayed  
The dead were strewn throughout the vale.

And on the mountains—and in the trees  
The dead all mangled lying—where  
The heavy wind and lightest breeze  
Revealed the desolation there.

And as a proof of all he said  
And as a proof that he did seek  
And brought back word that all were dead  
Were human eyes upon his beak.

The prophet spake—Curst' shall you be  
For having done this woeful thing  
On carrion live—and have no glee  
Black and poor and never sing.

Two pigeons next—the prophet sent  
Out to the mountains and return  
Through the desolate scenes they went  
And wept at the misery which they learn.

With eyes red from constant weeping  
They tell the prophet—sad indeed  
Is the scene—the people sleeping  
All in Death—beyond there need.

You are gentle and feel sorrow  
Blessed shall you ever be  
All is well—and on to-morrow  
From the waters we are free.

The people murmured and complaining  
Cried aloud for corn and grain  
All about the dead remaining  
Beast and man—the heaps contain.

Not one spear of grass in view  
Not a twig or vine exposed  
One vast plain of dry earth grew  
Far as human eye disclosed.

Some dry bark which floated near  
The people ate for want of corn  
Only the prophet spoke with cheer  
And thus their sufferings were born.

Hear! my people—and believe me  
Is Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah's cry  
Wait for three days faithfully  
Food will come—you will not die.

Ha-wah-ne-u!—He will hear  
And will help us—if we wait  
He will keep us from all fear  
Are the prophets words of fate.

After calming their wild fear  
The prophet said—now watch the moon  
When the the light is full and clear.  
A lady there will feed us soon.

On her back a basket laden  
 Filled with fruit—and corn and grain  
 Let your weary hearts not sadden  
 Lest your sacrifice should stain.

Said the prophet tis a sign  
 O my people—which will last  
 When the round full moon shall shine—  
 To the end her smile will cast.

Three long days—and three long nights  
 Did the weary watchers tend  
 And the moon shed brilliant lights  
 And the lady did descend.

In her basket fruits and grains  
 In her hands—were corn and bread  
 Gave to all—nor looked for gains  
 And the dying ones were fed.

Gave them seeds of every kind  
 Said she—plant them far and wide  
 And the sunlight and the wind  
 Made abundant harvest tide.

Trees and vines and grapes now grew  
 Where the arid waste had spread  
 Waving ferns and berries blue  
 O'er the land of buried dead.

On hills and dales and creeping moss  
 Covered o'er with brown and green  
 The breeze among the branches toss  
 Open buds in moonlight sheen.

Through this land the people roam  
 By the rivers—by the sea—  
 Building wigwams for there home  
 Happy—prosperous and free.

List'ning to there prophets teaching  
Loving well his soothing voice  
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah ever preaching  
Trust Ha-wah-ne'-u from choice.

Pass'd the years—and with them bringing  
Strife among the nation's vast  
Hate and envy loudly ringing  
In there breasts—peace could not last.

Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah watched the nations  
From his nest—high in the tree  
Raging war in many stations  
Amongst the people—once so free.

Then again the prophet came  
Drew them near and council held  
Cautioned them 'gainst angers flame  
And their vicious spirits quell'd.

And they list'ned very mild  
As their fathers prophet spake  
For his coming as a child  
They had watched—long wood and lake.

Now they listened—hushed and still  
As the prophet told his tale  
And the mountains and the rill  
Told the story to the vale.

As I wandered o'er the sea  
Half way 'tween the earth and sky  
And a stranger walked to me  
One with friendship in his eye.

And he spoke a friendly greeting  
And his face was pale and sad  
And the story of this meeting  
Will make the nations glad.

Said the Stranger "Walk with me"  
 And a garden I will show  
 And the summer and the sea  
 Made sweet music—soft and low.

All about was summer land  
 In that garden spot so fair  
 And the snow top'd mountains grand  
 Cool'd and soothed the balmy air.

Grain and fruits were all around  
 Flowers of every shape and hue  
 Quickly springing from the ground  
 In abundant groves they grew.

In the woods there roved the deer  
 In the air the wild birds flew  
 In the wide streams running clear  
 Every kind of fish for you.

'Tis forever summer there—  
 Said the Stranger—soft and slow  
 Teach your people 'tis their share  
 If they work for it below.

To that land of summer light  
 Where the fish and deer abounds  
 We will go—if we do right  
 To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Come and I will lead you down  
 We will go by yonder spring  
 Wrap't round him a Flowing Robe  
 In His voice a loving ring.

There beside two maple trees  
 Was the spring so clear and bright  
 Through the branches green—the leaves  
 Waving in the calm sunlight.

"Drink from this" the Stranger said  
A small bottle forth He drew  
From His mantle so arrayed  
As to hide Him from my view.

And He fill'd it from the spring  
And I drank the water clear  
And the birds began to sing  
In the maples—standing near.

And to my great surprise  
Half the water still remained  
And the sunlight in the skies  
Knew the symbol it contained.

Such is my great love for you  
Said the Stranger—very kind  
If you will be brave and true  
Love abundant will you find.

As I looked at Him to task  
There was sorrow in His face  
And the question I would ask  
In my mind He seem'd to trace.

And His look was sad and sweet  
Threw His robe back—and this done  
Scars were on His hands and feet  
And he said "I am thee One."

Who on earth to bring good tide  
Came to save those who were lost  
And a mark was in His side  
Showing where He had been cross'd

Then He led me to a place  
Thousands there were streaming by  
Two small pathways I could trace  
One led down and one on high.

And hanging on a tree  
 In full sight—a wounded breast  
 'Twas a sign that I should see  
 Those in doubt—who cannot rest.

And as each one pass'd it by  
 All his sins came to his mind  
 And the path which leads on high  
 All the good together find.

Then He lead me very far  
 Down where all was dark and drear  
 And the heavy thunders jar  
 Smote my failing heart with fear.

There a pit so dark and vast  
 That the earth seem'd open wide  
 Thousands there each moment cast  
 Wailing—Moaning—side by side.

And the sun now split in two  
 Fire and smoke fell from on high  
 Boiling flame upon them threw  
 Help us—Help us—is there cry.

'Tis the end—the stranger said  
 Pointing up—there is the sign  
 As I raised my eyes o'er head  
 All the sky began to shine.

There the sign that once again  
 I will come the Stranger said  
 And forgive the sin and pain  
 And will come to raise the dead.

I will come on Easter morn \*  
 When the sun begins to shine.  
 From the Father—was I born  
 His thoughts are these words of mine.  
 \* Dey-yen-ho-sar-yen'-ha Easter morning.

## THE PROPHECIES OF DEY-GAR-NAH-WE'-DAH. 49

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As he pointed now on high  
In a rainbow large and bright  
Stood the Stranger in the sky  
And his Face was Shining—White.

Yet beside me there He stood  
And his Face was sad and meek  
Believe in this and do the good  
Are the words I heard Him speak.

Then I never saw Him more  
O my people this is true  
Yonder by the shining shore  
Is the garden there for you.

And you must not fight or kill  
And you must not steal or hate  
But let friendship and good will  
Keep your hearts and guide your fate.

Cried the prophet "I have spoken  
You my people hear the tale  
Let your conduct be the token  
That your crimes you will bewail.

Now I go back to the mountain  
And my nest among the trees  
Where the ocean's flowing fountain  
Gently meets the summers breeze.

Many years pass swiftly by  
Ere the prophet came again.  
As the nations multiply  
Rich were they in corn and grain.

Rich in lands whose flowing streams  
With all kind of fish are fill'd  
On berries red the bright sun gleams  
The wild birds in the air song thrill'd.



20. THE PROPHECIES OF DEY-GAR-NAH-WE'-DAB.

---

Through the land is peace and cheer  
In the wigwams love abides  
O'er the rivers bright and clear  
Dance canoes on sparkling tides.

And Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah came  
To his people once again  
And to-day his noble name  
From the nations does not wane.

Across the mighty waters blue  
\* De-ho-not-ske-ne-no'-dah live  
They are coming here to you  
To them friendship we must give.

With their face turned toward our land  
From a world far—far away  
And the leader of their band  
§ Gan-a-rah-du-ka's is on the way.

They will drive the witch away  
We will keep them by our side  
They have knowledge—and will stay  
And the Great Spirit will guide.

And we know that they did join  
Like descendants of one line  
For the eagle on our coin  
Is Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah's sign.

Cried the prophet "Be as brothers  
Work together in the field  
Hear my words—and let no others  
In your breasts a barrier yield.

---

\* De-ho-not-ske-ne-no'-dah—Pale Face.

§ Gan-a-rah-du-ka—Columbus.

I have done the prophet cried  
These last words I say to you  
I will come from yonder tide  
If a part of you are true.

I will come again and speak  
You will hear and know my voice  
In the council you will seek  
Said the prophet 'Tis my choice.

I have spoken—you have heard  
And His voice was like a song  
I have said to you the word  
I go back where I belong.

I go back upon the mountain  
And my nest among the trees  
Where the ocean's flowing fountain  
Gently meets the summers breeze.

Chief of many—many nations  
Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah brave and wise  
Brought his people peace relations  
From the very distant skies.

Now the years pass slowly by  
And the nations once so great  
For Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah cry  
And the prophet's word of fate.

Of the nations once so great  
But a fragment now remain  
Sadly truthful to relate  
Scattered o'er the vast domain.

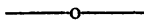
And as the years pass slowly by  
All known nations watch a King  
Yet the council fires burn high  
And they watch the eagle's wing.

In the wigwams the're beseeching  
In the council house they wait  
For Dey-gar-nah-we'-dah's teaching  
And the prophets word of fate.

He will come again they say  
For he loved his people well  
They know not the hour or day  
That his prophesy will tell.

And to-day they are beseeching  
And to-day they watch and wait  
For Dey-gar-nah we'-dah's teaching  
And the prophets' word of fate.

January 80, 1897.



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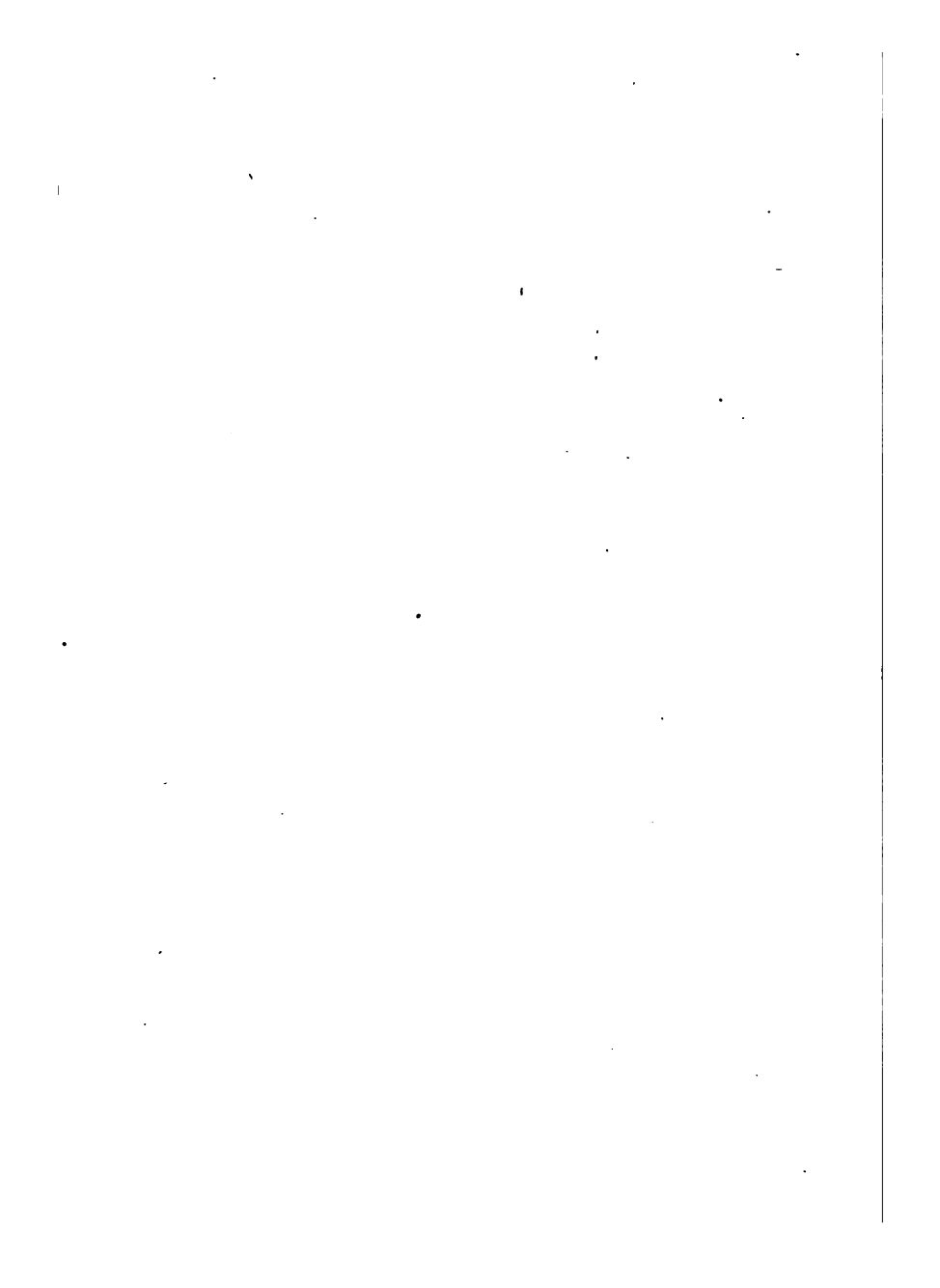
In a monastery cell bare and bleak,  
Father Crevot so pure and meek,  
Paced back and forth saying his beads,  
Thinking of the poor, their sufferings and needs.

Outside of Barcelona's beautiful site,  
Where the air is tempered day and night,  
The convent lay on a sloping hill  
Beside a flowing water rill.

Surround by lucious blooming flowers,  
Outside the sun shone many hours,  
Inside cold and clean and bare  
The heart of man could not thrive there.



Intent and grasping for the truths  
Which lay in all philosophic groves.



The monk Grevot was true and brave,  
Silent and deep as the very grave,  
Intent and grasping for the truths  
Which lay in all philosophic grooves.

Young was he and proud and fair,  
His eyes were hazel and light brown hair  
Thin, severe and drawn his face,  
Penance and fast had left their trace.

He had reached the peace of highest mind;  
That can be obtained among mankind,  
Had delved to the end theology's law  
And now in his heart he felt one flaw.

Unseen it crept into his soul,  
Unheard into his mind it stole,  
Back to his cell like a guilty thing  
But he could not lessen its clanging ring.

He felt that it might possibly be  
The church was wrong—he bent a knee,  
It grew and grew and grew apace  
Until he was groveling on his face.

Next day he fasted more and prayed  
And asked for the prayers of his comrade,  
Prayed in his cell so cold and bare,  
But the knowing thought was silent there.

The peace he had felt, where had it flown  
Where the quiet he had known  
Tempest tossed he knew he felt  
And still he prayed and knelt and knelt.

Grevot had been taught that Satan fills  
The mind of man with many ills  
Can not the mind of man control  
Man's inner thought and then extol.

His outer knowledge gleaned from minds  
Versed in religion of various kinds  
Wisdom's path has many ways  
Argued Grevot in his lonely days.

The bud was burst no more closed round  
By the bark of ignorance harshly ground  
Once the thought unfettered flies  
Reaches beyond the very skies.

But Grevot suffered in health and mind  
From out the flesh he yet must grind  
Prayers and penitence, work and fast  
He thought it must forever last.

Silent he bends his head so proud  
Drawing his robe around him like a shroud  
Silent he fasts and prays and kneels,  
Silent he thinks and suffers and feels.

Feels cut off from man's estate  
To live and love—and love and mate  
Feels crushed down and ill at ease  
No natural thought dare he appease.

Back to his cell lowly and sad  
Unrelieving as yet in his heart half mad  
Thinking indeed that Satan had filled  
His soul with dark influence and all good stilled

In his garden of flowers in the spring of the year  
Grevot was at work with nothing to fear  
But his haunting thoughts and maddening pain  
Brought about by indulging in them again.

Culling and caring as a mother would  
Grevot was full of loving good  
They grew and thrived and blossomed sweet  
Thought the monk the human heart must greet.

The sunshine of life and its warmth and care  
With blossoms sweet as perfume rare  
But the rules of the order on him cast  
A gloom on his heart like a withering blast.

Back again in repentance vain  
To stop the rifling maddening pain  
Of soaring into the world's bright hues  
Sadness it cast on all his views.

Suffering thus in mute despair  
Into his cell he would repair  
Bringing his prayers and logic severe  
To help his doubting mind to clear.

Doubting and fearing lest he should be  
Led away from the hope of eternity  
Gaunt and hollow eyed and bent  
With beads in hand towards the sea he went.

Passing through the monastery halls  
Away from the cold and dreary walls  
Into the sunlight warm and free  
Falling so bright on land and sea,

Passed the monk along with downcast eyes  
Scarce daring to lift them to the skies  
Lest he should indeed be carried away  
With the joy of life and the sunlight day.

His penance had been austere and hard  
Against further doubt he must forever guard  
Was the sentence the abbot on him imposed  
Can the mind from doubt be ever closed?

Thought Grevot as he walked that sunny day  
Perchance the mystic ancients may  
Have fathomed the truth and devined it right  
He had heard 'twas such but deemed it light.



He felt as one groping thro' the dark  
Without one hope as a ray to mark,  
The line when man's mind must not gleam  
The knowledge then is in eternities' realm.

Downcast and lonely, prayerful and deep  
O Lord! from me temptation keep—  
Is the prayer on the lips of the monk Grevot  
In the tempter's way, O! lead me not.

Signor! came a voice like a zephyr's breeze  
Pardon! as she stepped aside from the trees  
I would ask the way would'st thou be so kind  
One monk, Alonzo, I must find.

And seeing the Garb bespoke thy call  
Yet fearful lest I should make thee fall  
Away from thy duties by speech with me  
Point me the way to the monastery.

Tho' would'st not be allowed admittance there  
Exclaimed the monk with the slightest stare.  
No woman yet was ere allowed  
No matter how much she were endowed.

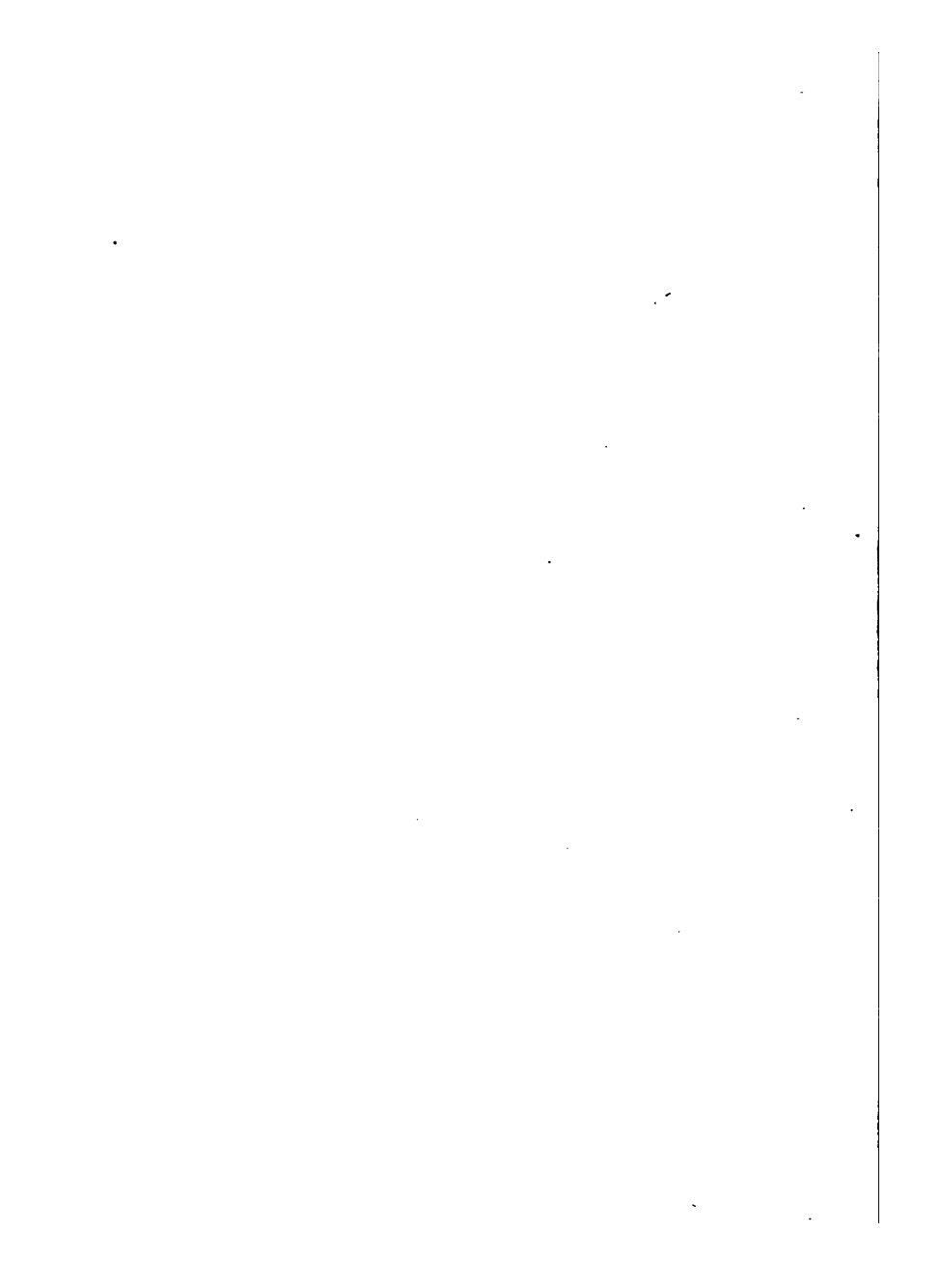
To enter the portal of yonder site  
Pointing his finger so thin and white  
Tho' canst leave thy message at the gate  
Antonio will deliver it whil'st tho' wait.

She passed along the bright highway  
Her maid by her side searching the way  
Out from Barcelona's smothering heat  
Sidella so gentle—so proud and sweet.

But Ah! they had met two souls on this plain  
Never again would their lives be the same  
Attractions law overcomes all strength  
Let the universe attest by any length.



She passed along the bright highway  
Her maid by her side—searching the way  
Out from Barcelona's smothering heat  
Sidella the gentle—so proud and sweet.



Grevot shrank back as she passed along  
He murmured his beads they sounded as song  
I will not go back to the convent gate  
Until it is very—very late.

I care not again to meet that face  
For the devil has left his very trace  
In the beauty of woman Grevot had been taught  
Away from his wiles is what he sought.

Sidella with step firm and slow  
Like a queen of woman imperial altho' —  
Beauty was hers of royal kind  
The beauty of all was her wondrous mind.

Which shone out thro' her eyes starlike  
As diamond rays in dark midnight  
Her oval face a rich cream tint  
Her dark brown hair with its golden glint.

The damask rose had touched her cheek  
With its color deep and sweetness meek  
In stature tall and a queenly tread  
In bearing noble and a regal head.

An Egyptian prince of the house of Thot  
Was Sidella's father and he had brought  
His daughter up in knowledge deep  
The ancient religion he must keep.

In his household one and all  
Were deeply versed in nature's call  
The mind of man he claimed to be  
The emblem of eternity.

The modern belief of the presiding day  
Was a branch of the tree that his fathers say  
Would spring and thrive and live for a time  
Only to die in its very prime.

While nature's laws would never die  
Unending they since times first cry  
The sun has shown since time again  
And so 'twill shine beyond the time of man.

Religion's branches to the prince's mind  
Were nothing more than a chance to grind  
And use the intellect of man  
'Twas ever so since the world began.

And so Sidella had been taught  
That Grevot's faith was to her as naught  
Learned in the ancient mystic's lines  
Universal comprehension she defines.

Her mother was of Spanish line  
Of ancestors who in their prime  
Were nobles of a high degree  
Had fought and died for their country.

Warm and soft as her native clime  
Life to her was a perfect rhyme  
Stately, noble, languishing, mild  
Sidella was their lovely child.

Surround by all of life's bright rays  
Sidella had passed her childhood days  
She had been taught that heaven was here  
Each day of her life made that belief clear.

She knew naught of sin or its misery  
She knew that life was a deep treasury  
She knew no repentance, no fasting nor prayers  
She knew no remorse, no heavy cares.

No conventional form had around her wove  
Its net of restriction, for her life was a grove  
To wonder and study and keenly enjoy  
As a child would employ its very first toy.

Around her was thrown no religious law  
Her life had not been cold and raw  
But filled with sunshine, love and cheer  
She was taught to heaven she was very near.

That in human heart, heaven lies  
As well as beyond the bright blue skies  
The Egyptian had taught his child to know  
In nature was heaven here below.

Had taught her philosophical truths  
Had taught her that astronomy soothes  
The mind of man as he gropes along  
The pathway of life almost as song.

In music and art she was deeply versed  
The lines of the vedics she rehearsed  
As well as Homer and Plato too  
The Upanishads she thoroughly knew.

The course of the stars the Egyptian's eye  
Watched many a night with Sidella by  
Astrology's law was sacred and true  
He wished his beloved child taught through.

The ancient mysteries of time  
While she was in her very prime  
So that when he pass away  
Sidella should know that one bright ray.

Of knowledge which the initiates knew  
And passed along the line to few  
Followers in the mystic school  
Nature was their time and rule.

Sidella was apt and quick and bright  
She thrived and grew in that sunlight  
Into beautiful womanhood  
Beauteous alike in mind and good.

With a soul as pure as a white ray of light  
Like a flower in its sweetness and its might  
We see her now as she passes by  
Like a summer breeze—a summer sigh.

Clad in the robe of richest brown  
Velvet deep and soft as down  
A fillet of gold bound her dark brown hair  
A jeweled girdle we see her wear.

Her maid by her side, faithful Annette  
Sidella wandered until she met  
Antonio outside the convent gate  
She feared that she might be too late.

To speak to the brother and of him ask  
To see Alonzo, that he should unmask  
A plot against her fathers life  
For he was in contentious strife.

With those of the new christian belief  
Nothing to him could bring relief  
Whil'st they plotted against him their foe  
But to learn their secrets from Alonzo.

Who was of their blood and bone  
Related to their house alone  
By deeper bonds than religious ties  
Sidella was his cousin the light of his eyes.

And rather than harm should her befall  
He would his rigid vows recall  
From heaven's gate would turn away  
Than Sidella should have one sad day.

He loved the child thro' many years  
Had wiped and dried her childish tears  
Her life to him was the one bright ray  
Had been sent to him in his exiled way.

And her father's life had been many times saved  
By following the way that Alonzo had paved  
And Sidella knew that he was free  
From harm, that she could clearly see.

By consulting with from time to time  
Alonzo for he knew every crime  
That was carried on between the pagan sect  
In the Jesuit's moves he was correct.

The prince had been the enemy  
Of the early church and contumely  
Had followed upon him thick and fast  
Until the Jesuits hated him at last.

They had planned his life to take  
They had some preparations yet to make  
The prince had heard with darkening face  
With downcast eye had planned the race.

To outdo them in their own conceit  
To baffle them in their retreat  
Sidella knew by her father's mood  
That he was in danger and made her brood.

And so to the convent her way she wends  
To seek Alonzo and then intends  
To beg him to save his life once more  
And then return to Barcelona's shore.

For she knew of the wide threatening breach  
Between the pagan prince and the church's reach  
She knew full well Alonzo's voice  
Would be listened to at any choice.

He was deep learned in the nations power  
Could turn the tide at any hour  
He held like a balance in his hand the peace  
Between the pagan world and the church with  
ease.



Sidella found Alonzo ill—  
He had been taken with a chill  
The previous night but her story told  
He said to her—be very bold.

And brave and be not afraid  
Her father's life he had said  
Was safe from the Jesuit's wrathful hate  
While he had power to compensate.

Against all flow of malice deep  
He had sworn to forever keep  
Away from Sidella, while he might  
Vexatious trouble however light.

Thankfully Sidella thought to return  
She noticed Alonzo with fever burn  
Dear cousin, I'm afraid tho' art sick indeed  
And perhaps thou art very much in need.

Of attendance, thou must let me call  
She turned to advance along the hall  
Grevot stood there, he had returned  
Thinking his penance had been well earned.

Summons the Abbot was Sidella's cry  
I think Alonzo about to die  
So sudden the change I see in his face  
I pray thee, that he may have grace.

Grevot obeyed with quickened step  
Brought the Abbot, then he kept  
Watch by the side of the dying saint  
He knew in his life there had been no taint.

Of selfishness or weakening mind  
His life he lived to help mankind  
Up to the highest spiritual realm  
Such had been his constant dream.

But Alonzo's work was forever o'er  
Death had rapped at his door  
Found him ready, staunch and brave  
To continue his journey beyond the grave.

Emaciated, thin and still he lay,  
At rest forever, until the day  
When shall rise like the blessed sun  
Radiant! Glorious! when the race is run

Peace on his face as if the soul's flight  
Over matter had been with all his might  
Triumphant; and blessed and very grand  
Was the souls escape to the great command.

I must away to my father for he must know  
Of Alonzo's death it will be a blow  
Heavy indeed for him to bear  
I wish me now—that I were there.

The tears stood in her melting eyes  
In vain she firmly, bravely tries  
To check the sob that is in her heart  
From Alonzo she must forever part.

Conduct the Signora past the gate—  
Was the order to Grevot from his prelate  
Bless thee my child thou hadst better go  
Before the dark shuts out the glow.

Of day and tell thy father dear—  
That when Alonzo's end was near  
He was not afraid to meet his Lord  
Whom he had spent his life for and adored.

He blessed Sidella with extended hands  
Then he returned to his demands  
Among the convents numerous duties  
He had in mind their various surities.

Grevot led Sidella and her maid  
Out thro' the spacious colonade  
Past the yard and thro' the gate  
In his heart he feared it late.

For her to attempt to wend her way  
Back unattended to the city, gay  
With its lights that just began to shine  
Here and there at evening time.

I had better see thee safe at home [roam  
'Twould displease the Abbot that thou shouldst  
Through this winding dense roadway  
With thy maid alone and I would say.

That I will journey on with thee  
Until I leave thee safely  
At thy very father's door  
I will return—then, never more.

Will I see thy face again  
Thought Grevot with almost pain  
In that small short space of time  
Sidella was to him a perfect rhyme.

Of his own life and inner mind  
Like a budding flower in bright spring time,  
In demeanor, Sidella was like a child  
So quiet, soothing, sweet and mild

She spoke but little for her heart was sad  
She felt within her intensely glad  
For the protection which Grevot gave  
She was unaccustomed save—

Much attendance to wander outside  
The city or to the bright sea side.  
Always surround by her nearest friends  
Bounding thro' the woods and fens.

As a child so blithe and gay  
Nature was her bright pathway  
Surround by those who only knew  
The knowledge her father wished to pursue.

O Lord, have mercy Grevot prayed—  
He spoke of Alonzo as he laid  
Cold and mute in death's embrace  
The world of struggle no more to face.

There is no death Sidella said  
We need not be of that change afraid  
There is no such a thing as space  
The world is one as is the race.

Only different as they glide  
Which proves progressions onward stride  
All manifest life is only one  
Like the ever shining sun.

And we are only its wonderful rays  
Sent out in its searching ways  
Reaching unto dark recesses  
On the earth there it expresses.

What we were sent here to perform  
With nature's laws to conform  
Through the lines of humanity  
Into the realms of spirituality.

Said Sidella—so calm and meek  
Grevot looked at her as if to seek  
From whence came that speech so wise  
She surely had not heard sorrows cries.

The depth of knowledge of her speech  
Grevot could only think and reach  
By casting away forever indeed  
Aside the rules of his rigorous creed.

Dost tho' not believe in our dear Lord  
Or art tho' of the class that have ignored  
His presence here on this sinful plain  
And art tho' content to ever remain?

In the darkness of the ages  
Where death is the sinner's only wages,  
Tho' might be a follower of the hour  
In the wake of Jehova's power.

Thy Christ is one of many Gods  
Who have come on earth to wield their rods  
Over man on this planet below  
The Gods live over the mountain's snow.

This earth is not a sinful plain  
But a heavenly abode and I claim  
That beyond the grave 'tis no more supreme  
Than here to him who has learned the dream.

Of life in its silent mysterious ways  
Peace may be had in all its days  
By those who seek the one true path  
Will be ever away from any wrath.

Either here or beyond the grave  
The soul in its enfoldment will always save  
The brightest light and onward go  
Until it is white as snow.

Which may be reached while we live here  
That we belong on high is very clear  
When we know of unselfish souls  
Who live their life as the ocean rolls.

Free and wide in the broad expanse  
That may at any rate enhance  
The good of lives cast in their way  
Their life is all one brilliant day.

Grevot thought alone 'twas thro' fast and prayer  
The soul could be brought at last to forbear  
Away from the joys of life expressed  
When heaven was reached alone find rest

In Sidella, Grevot saw the trace  
Of a soul as beautiful as her face  
Calm and wise, pure and sweet  
Learned in knowledge but very meek.

Thus they reached her father's door  
I wish thee to see him that he might honor  
Thy thoughtfulness and protection kind  
Which will I now forever bind.

Him to the monks in friendships light  
More than he has known many a day or night  
Sidella led along the way—  
Thro' her father's hall as closed the day.

Grevot—and bade him rest awhile—  
Then found her father and with a smile  
She passed thro' the curtains with stately tread  
Her noble bearing and regal head.

The prince arrived and on him cast  
A grateful look which was unasked—  
I thank thee father, the Egyptian said  
Thy kindness to my child—also the dead.

Alonzo whom I loved these years  
I have had many hopes and fears  
About his health this many day  
I feel he will wish thee for him to pray.

For he loved the faith he had embraced,  
It could not be from his mind erased  
But that he chose the only way  
Unto Salvation, who shall say him nay.

And Grevot thus detailed to him  
Alonzo's work his vigor—vim  
His unselfish life and deep interest  
In all good works he could attest.

And told him of his painless end  
Quiet as a cloud that had suddenly rend  
Away from the dark and into the light  
Of the shining sun which turned it white.

On they talked for a space of time  
On religion, politics and even rhyme  
A friendship sprung between the two  
Such as does between the few—

Who understand at once each other  
The prince feels Grevot almost his brother  
So well he likes his honest face  
And brilliant mind and quiet grace.

A light repast the Egyptian served  
Not wishing the monk to be reserved  
The Egyptian prince and the monk broke bread  
A thing that had never before been said.

At least of the prince for we well know  
He hated the monks with a bitter flow  
But sorrow changes man indeed  
No matter what their name or creed.

Thou art welcome here from this time on  
Said the prince as he saw the monk don  
His hood and with a hearty elasp  
They parted; and Grevot grasped—

His crucifix and started out.  
Along the road of that well known route  
Out to the convent on the hill  
But his heart within him he could not still.

Pacing along in the bright moonlight  
It was a beautiful, glorious night  
Nature was so calm and serene  
The mind of the monk was in a dream.

This deep impression will pass away  
Of the worldly people—I know their day  
Is entirely from my belief different  
I feel I need be reverent.

Unto my duties which I shall do  
With rectitude, firm and patience through  
My life work, whatever that may be  
With all my strength and fidelity.

He reached his cell cold and bleak  
He shudders—and bends him down to seek  
Relief from the ravishing dream of delight  
The day had brought him and the night.

This tumult in my soul sighed he  
I must and will fight desperately  
As he raised his head unto the skies  
Sidella's face was before his eyes.

He fought and wrestled day by day  
To dispel the dream that on him lay  
At night he prayed in his lonely cell  
The misery of it all, O! who can tell.

He fought against his growing love  
For the Egyptian's daughter and He above  
Could alone ere overcome  
The bursting heart in its narrow home,

Sidella's father wished her to wed  
A prince of his house and related  
To the line of a noble king  
And the honor which such a course would bring.



The day for the betrothal had been set  
'Twas seen that Sidella began to fret—  
And in many ways to act restrained  
Of fatigue and illness she complained.

She asked her father that he set, the day  
Of her betrothal far away  
I wish thee to wait for a little time  
After a while I will resign.

Unto which I know must come to pass  
I saw it all in the crystal glass  
But O! the pain that tears my heart  
It seems to me a sharpened dart.

Had torn my mind from its calm groove  
My life me thinks will no more be smooth  
This betrothal hangs on me as a dread  
I could almost wish that I were dead.

My heart dictates me that I say  
Unto my father, tell him nay—  
My heart is cramped—and smothered—crushed  
But I know this wild love must be hushed.

That surges thro' my throbbing brain  
I must and at all times forever refrain  
From thinking of that face whose look  
Must forever be a closed sealed book.

As to this life of love or song  
He must pass his life among  
The sick and weak, the maimed and poor  
That he will not leave them they are sure.

She sank upon her downy couch  
And the tears that started could sadly vouch  
For the suffering heart that she must rob  
Of her life of happiness like a sob.

I would not that he knew of me  
One thought beyond sincerity  
And kindly wish of earnest friends  
Little she knew how nature lends.

A charm of magic to that word  
And firmly so when inured  
By youth and beauty and intellect  
For love so wishes to be decked.

Will his sad face forever shine  
Before these heavy eyes of mine?  
Sidella sighed as the days pass by  
I am so sad was her piteous cry.

The day for the betrothal at last appeared  
The slaves in the outer yard had reared  
Festoons of flowers and garlands of fern  
For the coming night shaded lamps burn.

Many were there—the castle bright  
With sweetest song and mirth and light  
The ruler that Sidella should wed  
Was proud and happy and at the head.

Of all the aspiring youths of Spain,  
Who felt it an honor to have been named  
To attend the royal house of the prince  
For they had no festivities since.

He led his wife—Sidella's mother  
Home as a bride there no other  
Than a very quiet life  
Lived the Egyptian and his wife.

The banquet spread with richest viands  
The oldest and the rarest wines  
Groaning with the choicest food  
All so palatable—all so good.

All was gay and in good cheer  
The betrothal couple about to appear  
Sidella royal in gold and white  
In her dark brown hair the gleaming light.

Of the diamond crescent whose changing rays  
Shone like the sun in summer days  
She stands in her sheen and lace and gold  
Her face so pale, her heart so cold.

The sumptuous hall she sees it not  
The lights and music she has forgot  
She only sees a shrunken form  
Clothed in a cowl so very worn.

And a face white, wan and pinched,  
Her heart strings have been forever clinched  
By the towering power of love—  
She feels a broken lowly dove,

Out thro' the portal wide which led  
Into the garden, Sidella fled  
Past the clinging vines unseen  
To calm her thoughts and then redeem—

Her indifferent conduct to her guests  
And to her maid Annette, requests  
I will in the garden one moment sojourn  
Sit thee there then till I return.

On she sped passed the branches low [glow  
That lent their perfume to the bright moon's  
The night was still and warm and calm  
Resting Sidella like sweet balm.

Which way shall I ever turn  
I feel my eyes within me burn  
I know indeed my heart is dead  
To the man my father would have me wed.

Ah me, my heart is very sad—  
I feel it beating wildly mad  
I will away to the fountains spray  
Perhaps 'will soothe my tears away.

Along the pathway smooth and white  
Like a spectre in the bright moonlight  
And as she hears the water trill  
She sees the convent on the hill.

And now I know my heart will break  
Are the words the proud Sidella spake  
Thro' all time I'll love but thee  
Beyond this life thro' eternity.

Outstretched her arms toward the convent site  
A shadow fell in the moon's bright light  
Across her path by the murmuring fount  
We need not against fate ever count.

Crouched at the foot of the fountain's base  
Grevot the monk with his buried face  
White and sad and deeply drawn  
Among the folds of his robe forlorn.

He sprang like an animal from its lair  
Passionate, eager—ready to tear  
Any one who should come between:  
His own sad soul and Sidella his queen.

He clasped her in his long thin arms  
In the grasp of pure love which never harms  
His religious life he had out ran  
Grevot's not the monk—but lover and man.

Her upturned face meets his passionate kiss  
With warm and rapturous happiness  
Thou alone shall be my king  
In her voice a happy ring.

I know 'twill not be upon this plain  
But even that will ease the pain  
I would not by my love for thee  
Draw thee away from eternity.

Which in thy church is a rule severe  
And to my mind is very clear  
That thou, and I must forever part  
I would have thee know 'twill break my heart.

Tho' art my soul,—my life,—my love—  
Surely this love is from above  
I shall love thee until I'm cold and stark  
And death has set on me its mark.

I cannot live away from thee  
Tis why I left the monastery  
This night and wended along my way  
Into thy garden where the fountains play.

'Twas known to me, this night tho' shouldst be  
Betrothed to an Egyptian from across the sea  
From out my cell to-night I stole  
Like a hiding thief that I might console.

My breaking heart and bursting mind  
For already round me had entwined  
My deathless love for thee, my queen,  
Which shall last to the end of heavens realm.

And on my way as hither wending  
O'er the winding road way bending  
I prayed to see thee just once more  
Before we parted forevermore.

I knew tho' wouldst go from me  
Far beyond the deep Red Sea  
Thus I came but not attending  
My love for thee, my life is ending.

On their faces mute despair  
Deathless love was written there  
Grevot's eyes burning wild  
Sidella warm as a trusting child.

In loves deep ecstasy they rhyme  
Just for one short space of time  
Back where the lights and music glares  
One with lagging step repairs—

The other broken, bent and old  
In his cell so bleak and cold  
If love be sin, O Lord forgive—  
The monk Grevot has no wish to live.

She said there was no such thing as space  
Can that be why her lovely face  
Burns in my brain so close and clear  
Me thinks I could clasp her she is so near.

Sidella grew thin, sad and pined,  
The bells no longer for her chimed  
Their music in the balmy air  
Her soul was heavy with silent care.

The dreamy southern days pass by  
Sidella's wedding day draws nigh  
With wealth and pomp and rich splendor  
And willing hands with which to render.

All that was gay and fine and bright  
The wedding to be a beautiful sight  
The Egyptian opened wide his door  
And welcomed all the rich and poor.

All the nobility of Spain  
Came to witness the gorgeous train  
Of old and young, beauty and youth  
They came to bless Sidella in truth.

For she was known for many a mile  
For her kindly heart and gentle smile  
She had many a sad heart blest,  
With their troubles and misery oft distrest.

Out from the castle the music strains—  
Lights flash thro' the window panes  
Groups of maidens in clinging white  
Make a picture in the night.

All was at the height of revelry gay  
Where is Sidella—one was heard to say  
'Twas growing late she had not appeared  
She may be ill is what they feared.

But Sidella these many hours had flown  
Out thro' the portal and there alone  
Sped with a staggering, halting step  
On where the moonlight and fountain kept—

Harmonious rhyme and constant blending  
Will my hearts sorrow be unending  
Into the starlight I would say  
I care me not to see the day.

Alonzo gave this phial to me  
Saying if in captivity  
If peril surround me very deep  
Drink and I would forever sleep.

Surely in peril deep I stand  
I will journey on to a different land  
I can not have my own hearts mate  
'Tis useless to strive against the hand of fate.

She drank the liquid from the glass  
And sank upon the downy grass  
I will rest me by the waters rill  
Where I can see the convent on the hill.

Winding along the broad highway  
On towards where the fountain's spray  
A lonely figure presses near  
Grevot the monk—the light makes clear.

Sad and broken and depress't  
In his heart he finds no rest  
Again to see her I will yield  
He stooped and trembled, almost reeled—

Then at his feet Sidella lay  
Like a broken flower in early May  
He carried her in his deep embrace  
And rained his kisses on her face.

He bore her into the arbor by  
Chaffed her hands and with the cry  
"Sidella knowest tho' me not  
I am thy slave—thy own Grevot."

Tho' art my noble lover-king  
Moaned Sidella with a weary ring  
Her voice was broken and far away  
The monk bent a knee by her to pray.

Sidella had passed out into the night  
Death led her out in the bright moonlight  
Calm and cold, and mute she lay  
Dead in the arbor—on her wedding day.

The monk knelt by her many hours  
Did he commune with the heavenly powers  
My last hour on this earth shall be  
With my eyes my love intent on thee.

And so it was with arms wound round  
Sidella, and one knee on the ground  
With his head upon her shimmering breast  
The monk Grevot had found his rest.



Thus they found them one and all  
Who came from out the castle hall  
Sidecla in her bridal array  
The monk in his robe so cold and gray.

Entwined in each others arms and death  
Had set his seal and breathed his breath  
Upon these two so wide apart  
In religion's view but one in heart.

And who shall say their love was sin  
Since it came upon them to let in  
The God-like ray of heaven's love  
It was sent them from above.

And who shall say that love can die  
That element like the brightest sky  
Helen and Paris in lovers rhyme  
Is but Cleopatra in Anthony's time.

True to the pole of nature's law  
Grevot and the sweet Sidecla saw  
The universe, in each others eyes  
Had met their heaven this side of the skies.

The veil is drawn across the scene  
We wake from out our lovely dream  
Sad and yet so very meek  
It brings us wisdom that we seek.

Into the dawn of our own bright day  
Away from the scene at Barcelona's Bay  
Yet often in our minds will creep  
The story of Sidecla and we will weep—

When we think of her broken love  
Wounded like the lonely dove  
When we know Sideclan's dead  
With her noble bearing and regal head.

The story is told and shall we not  
Think of the brave and true Grevot  
With his wealth of unbounded love  
Which he changed for the life above.

February 6, 1895.

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“THE DREAMERS.”

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In the summer land where palms are bending  
Where summer breezes play unending  
Where shines the sun and the sea attending  
Makes the balmy air serene.  
When night comes on the stars are lending  
Their brilliant charm to the light commending  
From the day our thoughts are trending  
Making life one lovely dream.

The air is laden with sweet perfume,  
Our dreamy thoughts we may resume  
With the heavenly powers we may commune  
As falls the shades of night.  
The distant sea, its soothing croon  
Meets the breeze in swaying tune.  
In the eastern sky the moon  
Shines radiantly the light.

When comes the day, the birds are singing,  
Joyously their sweet notes ringing  
Tho' the trees their love songs flinging  
Making perfect rhyme.  
In the woods the wild flowers blooming  
Thro' the dense shade the sun is looming  
Heaven's bowers without assuming  
The glorious southern clime.

There lay upon a couch reclining  
A dreamer from the strong sun shining  
In the shade of the palm inclining  
To float with the dream of day.  
To him no thought of the world repining  
Around him harmony ever entwining  
Thro' all time to love consigning  
Like the sun's bright ray.

To him life was one bright ray  
'Twas never night, but always day,  
If all our lives could ere' be may,  
How happy we would be.  
The land and the sea were to him the same  
Twas no different because of name  
The ocean's tide in its might and main  
Was only bright blue sea.

He was tall and thin and dark  
Northern eyes you there mark  
His mind is soaring like the lark  
In early summer time.  
The natives make of him their king  
His wish is law in everything  
Eager to hear his kind voice ring  
Around him they recline.

Thro' his mystic brain is weaving  
Strains of untold stories leaving  
An impression to which we're cleaving  
With marked intensity.  
On they flow in their shadowy train  
He's not content to remain  
From the truths which they contain  
Of unfathomed immensity.



In the shade of the palm inclining  
To float with the dream of day.



His wealth of mind is wonderful  
His thought of life is beautiful  
His intense nature bountiful  
In its entirety.  
Of winding thro' with ample room  
Shadows light and deepest gloom  
Flowers in bud and deepest bloom  
E'en to eternity.

Night again the Kahuna weird  
Chants the songs with which she's reared  
Through the night whose spell is cleared  
With her tune so wild,  
By the sea with a ghostly crew  
She sings the song all the long night thro'  
The custom's old, the songs not new  
Which sings the Kahuna child.

Now the melody is low and sweet  
Now again the loud winds greet  
Every stage of life to meet  
The wild Kahuna song.  
Now again in wildest pain  
On the heart it pours its reign  
And we know 'twill ever deign  
To sooth us all along.

In her eyes no sign of slumbering  
But her heartaches she is numbering  
O! that love should be encumbering  
To our happiness.  
On the sea the shadows rowing  
Clear she sees in the moonlight glowing  
All her heart in her love song throwing  
Wildly to confess.

Yet within her she is chiding  
For the wild love so swift and gliding  
In her heart o'er her senses riding  
Where the northern dreamer lay.  
Silent she is ever shielding  
Yet in secret ever yielding  
Love forever thus is wielding  
Time is his powerful day.

She is the beautiful one of her race  
Glorious eyes and lovely face  
Beaming dark with winning grace  
Her love she proudly hides.  
And her pain she does not measure  
'Tis alike to her a treasure.  
Suffering love is almost pleasure  
And its sorrow she abides.

Well she knows he is above her station  
Love has made for her a new creation  
With the dreamer of a proud nation  
Sings the wild Kahuna girl.  
Of him she is ever thinking  
In the wild dream she is sinking  
The bitter waters she is drinking  
Of loves unresponsive whirl.

Life has but to her one meaning  
And she reaps it at the gleanings  
Of the sun and water teaming  
Its dying dim twilight.  
In her wild and stately loveliness  
In our thoughts she will ever impress  
Sorrow we can scarce express  
As the dead midnight.



By the sea to a ghostly crew  
She sings the song all the long night through.





That her love is but a wild dream  
She forever cannot deem  
Other than part of heaven's realm  
Unto her untaught heart.  
Back among her native throng  
Wilder sounds her eirie song  
Weird and mournful the whole night long  
She sings of her broken heart.

Thus our lives we dream away  
Wishing night when always day  
Oftimes sad when we should be gay  
So rolls the ocean deep.  
And to blame them would be wrongful  
And to chide them would be scornful  
To love them altho' tis mournful  
Thro' our senses creep.

In the summer land where palms are bending  
And their soothing perfume lending  
To the light their strength intending  
To mingle with the day.  
His has gone to his northern throne  
He has left her all alone  
She sinks down without a moan  
In death's dream she lay.

Where the southern palms are bending  
Where the breezes play unending  
With the sun and sea attending  
Passed the dreamers o'er the deep.  
And we see with slightest glance  
That our lives are one deep trance  
The best of it romance,  
Then our long eternal sleep.

February 20, 1895.

"MAC GRAY."

---

MacGray with his ugly tyrannical sneer  
Was despised by the neighbors far and near.  
In his scared and mangled face  
You could find not one redeeming trace.

His eyes were deep set and close together  
'Tis said, "a flock of birds are of a feather."  
Perhaps 'twas the reason why MacGray  
Kept away from the people who were gay.

But if he could find some one in crime  
Steeped as in salty brine  
There you'd surely find MacGray  
Smiling as a day in May.

His black hair stood in mated locks  
Upon his low forehead in shocks,  
His repulsive mouth and high cheek bone  
Would make the character student groan.

He always had the meanest leer  
Accompanied by the ugliest sneer, \n  
The people near and far away  
Hated the very name of MacGray.

The villagers dreaded to see him pass by  
The cottage doors, for many a cry  
Of fright had been from the children wrung  
Of MacGray as he often trod among.

The simple folk of the town of Lynn  
In the year when the early settlers din  
And confusion of settling a new town  
Always bring more or less renown.

'Twas said he came from a prison jail  
For robbing the people, and robbing the mail  
There was no crime known to man  
But the wild MacGray had lent a hand.

Full of hate and full of crime  
The poor people wished for the very time  
That the Lord would call upon MacGray  
To answer for his misspent day.

MacGray cared not for their biting scorn  
Nothing they said to him was a thorn  
He had passed the line where the finer sense  
Had in it any recompense.

He hated life, he hated man  
He hated God—and what man can  
Live and that thought ever nurse  
Be other than a living curse.

He had lived unto his fortieth year  
And never yet had shed a tear.  
He had been heard many times to say  
No tears will ever come from MacGray.

He mocked at men who were sincere  
He scoffed at those with conscience clear  
Boasting in his godless day  
Walked the renegade MacGray.

He was tall, big boned and long armed  
Uncouth and raw like one who harmed  
Every one who had come in his way  
Was the ugly lean MacGray.

One day there came upon MacGray  
The last he lived in his reckless way  
Sorrow the first that on him fell  
It was to him as a funeral knell.

Of all his crime that was in the past  
On his hardened heart had cast  
No cloud so dark but has one bright ray  
And so it was with the wild MacGray.

In the height of all his crime  
It came upon him just in time  
That God would not deny him—nay  
That which man had denied MacGray.

Stumbling out from the town one night  
A storm was raging in its might  
Peals of thunder rent the air  
Flashed the lightning everywhere.

Down in large drops came the rain  
Cold and bleak with smarting pain  
Out to his hut where night was as day  
Strode the ugly, stern MacGray.

Cursing the townfolks every one  
Hating them and sparing none  
For every word they had to say  
A bitter invective hurled MacGray.

He had not heard from the lips of man  
One kind word in all his life, and who can  
Blame entirely the bitter lay  
Of the vicious, untaught MacGray.

Along in the dark, and stormy black  
Of the tempest whirling enough to rack  
The mind of a stronger man than he  
Outcast indeed he seemed to be.



Down in large drops came the rain  
Cold and bleak with smarting pain  
Out to his hut where night was as day  
Strode the ugly—stern Mac Gray.



Huddled down in a ragged heap  
Some one apparently asleep  
So closely to the sloping ground  
MacGray a woman and a baby found.

Closer she clutched her little babe  
For God sake! sir! will you save  
My little one and let me lie.  
Here and I will willingly die.

You may have a wife and little one  
Pity me as if you had known  
Some one in your life you've loved  
God will bless you in heaven above.

This night I walked all thro' the town  
Then came here and laid me down  
Not one house in all the city  
Would listen or have one breath of pity—

Upon me in my black despair  
Racked with pain about to bear  
This little one upon my breast  
O, my God! where will I rest.

I am an outcast, ragged and poor  
I've begged my way from door to door  
If I could but lie here and die  
I would bless you with my dying cry.

If you will save my little child—  
She then arose, and raving wild  
Outpoured into the stormy night  
Snatches of prayer and songs of light.

A sardonic smile lit up his face  
As he halted in his stumbling pace  
Some loved one, me—wife and child,  
But of course she's raving wild



She cannot stay out in this heavy storm  
She can go in the hut it will keep her warm  
When morning comes she can go her way  
The weather permitting said MacGray.

In his arms she placed the child  
She then appeared to become more mild.  
With his hand upon her arm  
He led the mother away from harm.

Of the cold and chilly night  
For the early frosts were beginning to bite  
And the good people of the town of Lynn  
Who would not let the outcast in.

Surely sir, you are a saint  
The Lord has not left in you a taint  
Of selfishness. But I'm not so bad  
My troubles have driven me almost mad.

Soaking and ragged he led her along  
The well known path till he felt the thong  
That hung outside the door of his hut  
But the woman had fallen against a rut.

That grew beside the shanty door  
He brought her in and on the floor  
The mother and the baby lay  
In the hut of the wild MacGray.

It was in his life the first kind act  
Man likes honor from even a maniac  
He stirred him about and began to think  
What he could find warm for her to drink.

He placed her on his tumbled bed  
And over her his blanket spread  
And soon he had a scant fire glowing  
On the floor, weird shadows throwing.

Misery, wretchedness and despair  
Are the elements that are there  
Poverty, want and days misspent  
Perhaps their lives had been well meant.

All was deep and wretched gloom  
'Twas the dark pattern in the loom  
The one bright thread in the intense dark  
Was the innocent babe in its untrod mark.

Outside the whirling blasts of rain  
Beat against the window pane  
Thro' the night till moon's first ray  
Sat and watched the rough MacGray.

Watched and cooled the fevered brow  
Of the suffering woman—now—  
Watched and fed the little babe  
From his coat a rough bed made.

And placed it by the flickering light  
'Twas out of the storm of that wild night  
They'd been dead had they laid there till break  
of day  
Said the gruff outcast MacGray.

The sufferer lay for days and moaned  
And tossed and raved, with fever groaned  
Talked of home and mother dear  
In her ravings, asked,—was Edward here?

And told of school and happy days  
When the sun shone on her but bright rays  
Then of the dark days and of their pain  
That left a mark on her brow like Cain.

The days pass by, her mind returns  
No more her breath with fever burns  
Tell me how I came here to-day,  
Was the first she spoke to the rude MacGray.

I will tell you my name, you may call me Ruth  
Will tell you my story, its sadness, its truth  
I have a little money with which I will pay  
For your kindness and trouble, she said to

MacGray.

Then I will take my babe and go  
That my heart's thank you have—you must know  
She did not know that weeks passed by  
Since she had heard her little one cry.

That MacGray had gone to the town of Lynn  
Where the people would not let the stray lamb in  
And there he had with hands so willing  
Earned his very first honest shilling.

And did whatever he could find  
What he worked for he did not mind  
And when night came the way it was spent  
Was to buy some food and nourishment—

For the sufferer on the cot  
In his hut, and it fell his lot  
The first in his life that he should find  
Human sympathy for his kind.

He watched at night by the woman's side  
He fed the infant when it cried  
He watched for days as the long hours passed  
Without one sign that he was harassed.

The babe had become to him as life  
He seemed to feel he was through with strife.  
It had brought a peace into his heart  
Of which he could not bear to part,

And as her name and story told  
Without one trait of boasting bold  
But beaten, heavy hearted, crushed  
The first love of his life had rushed—

Thro' his veins and heart and mind  
To her at least I can be kind  
She does not think, that I'm all bad  
That I can prove it I am glad.

Ane she will go away that's clear  
I'll ask her to leave the little one here,  
Until she finds a snugger place  
For the little one with its pretty face.

I wonder why the little one  
Makes me think of what I've done  
When I left to wildly roam  
Away from my boyish home.

It makes me think of brother Ned  
Edward she cried on her raving bed,  
But she's not from across the sea  
She is from this country.

I don't want to hear your story, miss,  
Nor do I want any thanks for this  
Little I've done for you to-day  
Said the changed—changed MacGray.

You can leave the little one here, if you will  
I think I can keep it quiet and still  
Until you get back to your friends  
Said MacGray, I'll make amends—

For asking to keep from her the child  
Perhaps she'll dream I think her wild.  
Perhaps she will think I am trying to cheer  
But I wish she would not go from here.

But of course she will for she is proud  
Even if it would be her shroud.  
She will go for that's what she said  
Even if she would be brought back dead.

I do not want your money—my lass  
Whoever knows, it may come to pass,  
I'll ask a favor of you some day  
Said the wavering MacGray.

Ruth's hair was light, her eyes was blue  
And she would have made a woman true  
Had she been dealt with intent kind  
No better woman could you find,

She was quiet and reserved  
Her childhood's belief she preserved  
That God in his merciful ways  
Would protect her all her days.

She had been led along the path  
Of many one like her who hath  
No suspicion of another  
It was no less than the brother—

Of the man whose very shelter  
Had covered and protected her  
Her story told—'twas a piteous lay  
May God forgive him said MacGray.

I will leave my little one here awhile  
And will go from here about a mile  
Where I will find work and soon return  
For my babe my heart will yearn.

I know you will be good and kind  
I did not think to ever find  
One friend in all my bitter woe  
God bless you sir—now I will go.

Out in the night again she strode  
Away from the tumbled down abode  
I'll soon return with food and clothes  
This was the better way to choose.

His face is rough but his heart is kind  
I do not think he has repined  
None but a man kind indeed  
Would pity a woman he found in need.

She reached the edge of a forest clearing  
On to the town she is nearing  
Tired, weary and very weak  
She sat down a little rest to seek.

The bitter tears rolled from her eyes  
As she raised her piteous face to the skies  
A cracking twig that near her lay  
And beside her stood the dark MacGray.

Come back to the hut—don't go away  
The babe will cry for you night and day  
You can stay there and I'll go away  
Said the choking voice of MacGray.

I can work, I'm strong and rough  
I can earn plenty and enough  
For me and you and the baby too  
And that is what I'd like to do.

And they were wed this outcast pair  
And such an occurrence was so rare  
That the good people of the town of Lynn  
Made great commotion and great din.

They saved a little and moved far west  
There they come to find such rest  
As they never before had felt  
So thankful for it they fervently knelt—

And thanked the giver of all peace  
For their sorrows seemed to cease.  
Prudent, careful and devout  
Were their lives from that time out.

MacGray did well in all his undertakings  
They had a quiet life and also merry makings.  
The girl grew up like a pure bright ray  
And the name they gave her was Ruth MacGray

Respected and loved far and near  
Charitable, kind no one need fear  
To call for aid from him night or day  
For riches had come unto MacGray.

He had struck a mine in his early trials  
Had worked at it with many denials  
At last it yielded its bright gold  
And brought him flowing wealth untold.

Upright, brave, staunch and true  
He lived with ever this thought in view  
To atone by kindly life  
For the days he lived in strife.

Back to the little town of Lynn [in  
Where the good folks would not let the outcast  
Back after twenty years to the day  
Strode the tall white haired MacGray.

Back again after all the years  
With their unseen joys and fears  
On his scared and mangled face  
You could not find one repulsive trace.

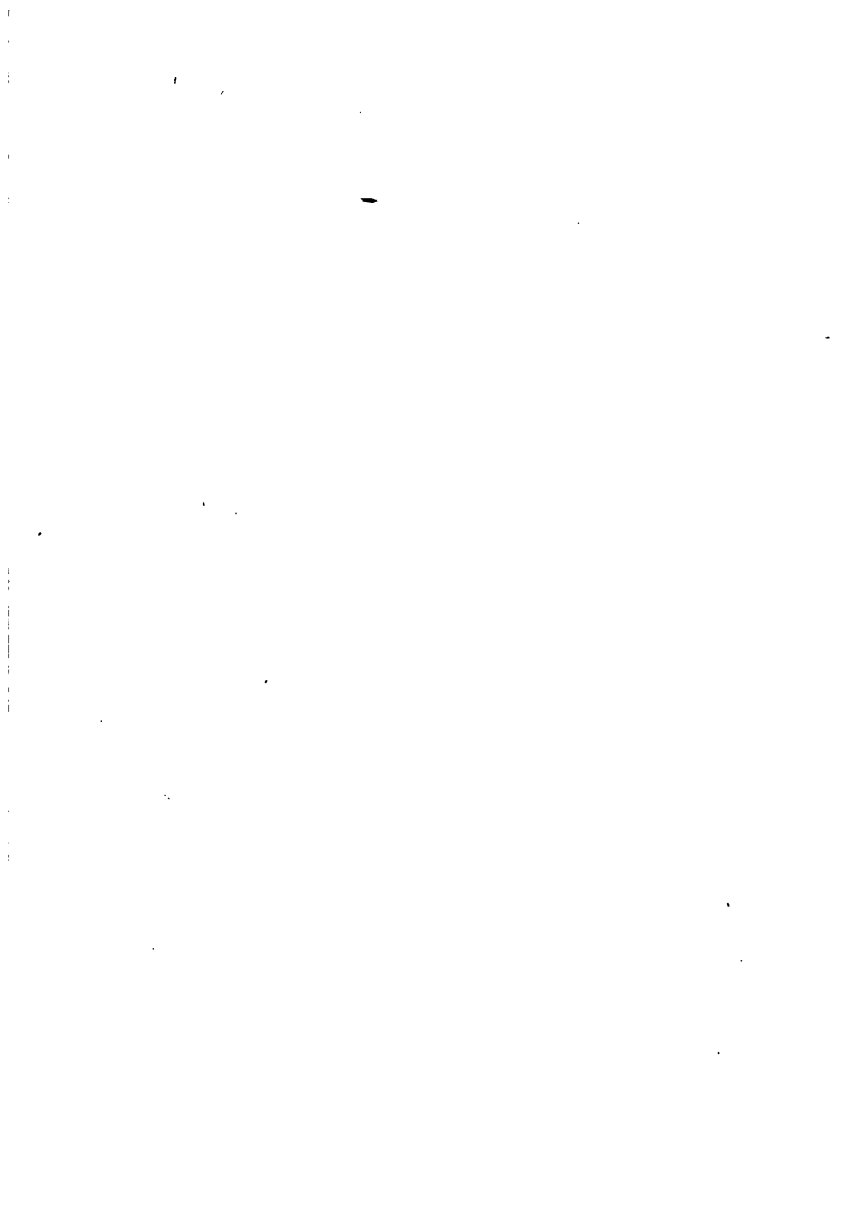
His head was venerable and white  
On his face a peaceful light  
Sadness and strife—love wiped away  
And before us stands the—"Man MacGray."

February 20, 1895.



STELLA.





STELLA: ANGEL OR DEVIL.  

---

To study the character of a soul  
We must begin as the ocean's roll  
At the beginning of all time  
Tracing thro' all ages clime  
What we manifest to-day  
Is but gleamed from far away  
In earlier times and exprest' now  
Unwilling perhaps but a truthful vow  
Which nature in her moods so wild  
Expects of her vagrant child.

What we know and are this hour  
A century hence would make us cower  
With our egotistic pride  
Swimming in presumptuous' tide  
No one mind ever comprehends  
Another's mind: and thus defends,  
The dense misunderstood position  
Of a soul whose mute transition  
Spends its force like the ebbing wave  
Ending with the quiet grave.

An offspring of both parents mild  
To this strange peculiar child  
Early grown to womanhood  
They have labored for her good  
See in her fantastic traits  
Something on their spirit grates  
Her frolics wild and fearless ways  
Think they in her older days  
Wisdom on her then will rest  
They chide her not, they think it best.

And there is no known reason  
Why her life should have been treason  
To the part that was divine  
God given—we should not resign  
To the depths of which is base  
Then we're like the broken vase  
Which cannot ever be made whole  
So tis with the broken soul  
We cannot mar but never make  
The truth for its eternal sake.

Stella grew and thrived awhile  
All without apparent guile  
Brighter than her comrades round  
She seemed with inner influence surround'  
Statuesque her face and fair  
Like the raven's wing her hair  
Darkest eyes whose depths ere tells  
Hidden stories like unknown wells  
As swiftest flows the deepest streams  
Most intense lives appear as dreams.

Twas so with Stella, one never knew  
From appearance as she grew  
Whether she was calm and mild  
Whether she was fierce and wild,  
So well adapted was her mind  
To every mood that nature lined  
Out upon her crossed pathway  
Like shadows on the sunny day,  
Thus her life was densely checked  
With heavy woes her life was decked.

In the village she was known  
As an angel who alone  
The rays of God's grace fell upon  
And whose artless method's don  
Downcast eyes and quiet airs  
Deportment meek she ever wears  
Among the sick a soothing voice  
Also the poor—it seems her choice  
On her brow the martyr's crown  
Fully rests with calm renown.

The beginning of her eighteenth year  
Marks an epoch very clear  
In the life of this strange creature,  
And it was a fearful feature,  
A murderous instinct takes possession  
And she yields with slight concession  
Toward the impulse and unyielding  
Not one wish is she shielding  
Like the storm gathering shades  
The spirit of light shrinks and fades.

Nursing by a sick bedside  
In early spring at eventide  
A woman broken, bent and old  
And withal worth untold gold  
Stella stood with glittering eye  
Wishing she would see her die  
That she might come unto wealth  
Which she took with evil stealth.  
To the sleeping woman gave  
Poison from which she could not save.

Saw her die and laid away  
And her dust makes gold to-day.  
We little think with grasp and greed  
The mills of the Gods we slowly feed  
Stella stole her wealth and fled  
To the city with steady tread.  
She had youth to lead on her  
Which meant strength: and upon  
Whose strong arm she rests with ease  
Thinks alas—gold will appear.

The soul when it looks for more  
Than undug gold or ungained lore,  
She revels in the city's glare  
Of its pomp and glitter rare  
Wine and food of richest cost  
Realizing not the frost  
Of winter is about to chill  
And her soul with anguish fill  
Only sees the rising star  
Whose setting seems so very far.

Crowded round by luxurious vanity  
Heeding not the sad humanity  
Which about her fauned and hung  
And her praises ever sung,  
Until one day a crippled boy  
Who was his mother's only joy  
Came to beg at her golden door  
Almost groveling to the floor  
Bowed with hunder and so abject  
That a hardn'ed heart must needs reflect.

Stella took him by the hand  
Led him in her palace grand  
Gave him gold—and food to eat  
Sat him in a downey seat  
In the corner of a couch  
Heard his story, she could vouch  
For its depth and truthfulness  
He reluctant to confess  
Seeks the mother bids her share  
The happy home she will prepare.

Happy boy and happy mother  
They will never find another  
Friend whose kind and thoughtful heart  
Took from them the awful dart  
Of poverty and wretchedness  
Lifted up their deep distress  
They bless her every night in prayer  
The God sent one: an angel rare  
Stands she out before their eyes  
Like Venus in the western skies.

Like the butterfly bright and gay  
Stella wiles her life away  
Among the friends who crowd around  
And whose friendship is firm and sound  
Her glittering eye scans far and wide  
And she turns like the backward tide  
When she knows their hearts are hers  
And with smiles she onward lure  
Like the snake who charms the thrush  
She grasps their soul—only to crush.

And to come to it direct  
Bringing in all due respect  
'Tis in human life the aim  
Human love is an empty name,  
Self is the highest moral standard  
To which everything is pandered.  
We may listen, pray and preach  
But 'tis still beyond our reach  
To drop this self and live outside  
The bond of I; which still is pride.

Stella stands in the ballroom's glare  
To-night, with arms and shoulders bare  
Clad in yellow silk, whose sheen  
Brilliant shines in the bright light's glean.  
For every one a word and smile  
And in her heart a heavy guile  
Is working still and sure its way  
She steals the hearts of the happy and gay  
She steals the love of those she can  
She breaks the hearts of many a man.

In her eye the devil lurks  
In her smile the devil smirks,  
For she plans and wilfully tries  
To bring misery and then disguise  
With brightest smile her deep intent  
She plies her art on mischief bent  
Draws around her with cunning glee  
Slaves whose heart she ne're will free  
The fabled spider and the fly  
Is the analogy of her sigh

Bends there by her stately side  
A noble youth who ne're had guide,  
The stately Stella he adored.  
But her life be only bored  
Ple'd his love long and in vain  
She never heeds his grief and pain  
With sarcastic laugh and smile  
Greets his pleadings; then a vile  
Thought he firmly grasps  
At her feet in awful gasps.

Dies and pours his warm life's blood  
Like a flowing living flood  
To her life a sacrifice  
Thinks not whether blind or wise  
Dies for love of her alone.  
Without one curse or cry or moan  
Stella turns from him as cold  
As if her heart was cast in mould  
Of granite from the deepest earth  
Or never knew of human birth.



Cares not for the dying groan  
Of one who loves her soul alone  
Separate from all earthly ties  
No selfish thought his love implies  
On in sumptuous glee she treads  
Trampling loving hearts who sheds  
Tears upon her way, enough  
To make the smoothest pathway rough,  
Ruffle lives that come before her  
Ruin lives that ere would falter.

If by love they were not led  
And by love they were not fed  
Ruined lives in the world to-day  
Are spoiled by love in its awful sway  
In its strong and wild desires  
It wishes all like forest fires  
Not content less every tree  
To the roots is mournfully  
Burned! blackened! and charred  
Mangled fearfully and scarred.

And the length of Stella's sway  
Is a lesson to those who may  
Think to grasp and persevere  
In unrighteous life and deare  
Is the aspect of a mind  
Who relies in their youthful prime  
To the days whose seeming cheer  
Makes the dying twilight clear  
When life takes on brightest hues  
Fair as telescopic views.

A woman comes this very night  
In the ball room's glitter bright,  
Of the stately Stella begs  
To tell her story with its dregs  
Of human misery and woe  
She has on earth no where to go  
She is shunned by human kind  
They only swear and frown and grind  
Like a leper pass her by  
Never heed her wailing cry.

Alice is her maiden name  
And her lover was the same  
Youth who had at Stella's shrine  
Spilt his blood like blood red wine  
Whispers unto Stella's ear  
Her sad story with its fear  
Of coming hunger, want and home  
Stands she to-night in the world alone.  
Only the streets for me await  
Is the reason I rap at your charitable gate.

To her home the woman brought  
Stella thro' the city sought  
Choicest food for her pallid lips  
Honey from the bee who sips  
From the fragrant flowers the dew  
For the lives for which it grew  
When she heard her sad, sad tale  
Without thought to weep and wail  
Made her comfortable and warm  
Heeded not conventions form.

Alice died, yet lived her babe  
She begs the stately Stella save  
Her little one from unkind hands  
Stella yields to her demands  
Makes a promise with the mother  
That the child will ne're know other  
Than herself to look upon;  
And the loving little one  
Grew and romped in childish fun.  
Stella loved him as her son.

Stella guards with deep alarm  
The little one from apparent harm  
Sings at night a soothing croon  
Then a most melodious tune  
For the little orphan child  
Could you now believe her wild  
Cruel, barbarous and false  
As she steps the gliding waltz  
Out among her comrades gay  
Treating night hours as the day.

Which she does as time rolls by  
Joins again the throngs who vie  
In secret triumph to outdo  
Stella stands in the full glare's view  
Brilliant, beautiful and defiant  
Noble looking and self-reliant  
Still around her as the magnet  
Clings her followers and the signet  
Of their standing and renown  
Is to follow Stella's gown.

For she sets the flippant styles  
With her gold and art and wiles  
Tighter draws the willing slaves  
To the rules which fashion paves.  
Stella is the queenly bee  
Adored by a buzzing sea,  
At her beck and call they follow  
Society is as empty—hollow  
As the tree whose outside bark  
Stands alone a ruined mark.

Ah! that life should mean so much,  
Heightest heights within our touch,  
The universe within our grasp,  
Yet we lack the power to clasp.  
Ah! that life so little means  
That past ages little seems  
More than the wave and turn of the tide  
Only whose bright and better side  
Is the dream of an illusion  
We know to-day in our hearts seclusion.

But away with such discussion  
Back to the story whose expression  
Is meant because there are such souls  
Which nature holds in her mysterious folds  
Of good and bad alike composed  
In light and dark also enclosed,  
Who in all this world can say,  
One is good or bad? I pray,  
We know not of the soul its mixture  
We ne'er can classify its fixture.

Stella with the gambler's glee  
Wins and loses tremously  
At the roulette table seated  
After all her friends retreated  
Her face is deeply drawn and pale  
In her eyes the plain tell tale  
Look of nightly dissipation  
Lines that show the concentration  
Of her life and steadfast growing  
Toward the whirlwind she is sowing.

Piles the gold she quickly wins  
Counting not the many sins  
Which that shining metal covers  
Law and church and even lovers  
Fall beneath its tyrant sway  
Controls alike the sad and gay.  
Stella thinks not of these things  
Only the luxury that it brings,  
Is the extent of her thought as she glides  
Away with her gold as the storm which rides.

On with destruction o'er land and sea  
Wild and fierce, yet always free  
Never stops to look behind  
Does not think she is unkind  
Sees not hearts that she has broken  
Sees them not by any token  
In her selfish greed for gain  
Has laughed and mocked at the loser's pain  
Grasping her gold with a miser's greed  
She gropes her way thro' want and need.

Out past the portal whose every stone  
Could tell a story and wail a moan  
Homes and hearts in misery wrecked  
The march of broken lives not checked  
Lying prostrate in a heap  
A sight which makes her cold heart leap  
Face down! dead upon the ground  
Shot thro' the heart when he was found  
A man with hair as white as snow  
His last gold gone in the awful flow.

Which Stella had reaped that very night  
My God! she cried with guilty fright  
Poor old man, mine was the hand  
That drove you away from this fair land.  
Cursed be the glittering gold  
Which has brought this man so old  
To throw away his wretched life  
Because he could not stand the strife  
To face the world when on came age  
Without wealth 'tis one tempestuous page.

A sad eyed woman dressed in black  
Showing that life had been a rack  
Upon which she'd been bent and torn  
Claimed the dead with voice so worn  
And broken low and sad.  
'Tis no wonder the world's half mad  
Upon some hearts the weight of woe  
Is more than should be worn; yet lo!  
Out from the very saddest souls  
Deepest wisdom oft condoles.

Stella poured into her lap  
Yellow gold to fill the gap  
Of her deep heart rendering grief  
Thinks she with her false belief  
That worldly wealth ere' filled the void  
Of the hearts love and alloyed  
Is anything that this earth yields  
Under earth or in the fields  
In the water or the sky  
When love calls with its deathless cry.

Stella turned from them away  
Quaffed the wine cup night and day  
Reveled in all worldly vice  
That would bring some new device  
To wile away the hours in pleasure  
Life has now to her no treasure  
Growing old the world has lost  
All the joy which it had cost  
Her brightest years of youth and strength  
The law of life has its true length.

Which we cannot wilfully cheat  
Else we ever will repeat  
With the sages of the past  
The best of life can never last  
Changes alone await for all  
We must respond to nature's call  
Perhaps 'tis best for these who've cross'd  
The mysterious line of deaths drear frost  
There are lives whose hearts are dead  
As withered grass whose green has fled.

And we know not which is best  
Whether life or death is rest  
And altho' we are sincere  
Nothing on this plane is clear  
Days and years pass grimly by  
In the end there is no tie  
On this earth that ere' is binding  
We are past the bliss of finding  
Any stationery love  
We look beyond and above.

In a garrett desolate  
Dying Stella faces fate  
Which we all must face some day  
Death the body's great decay  
Sharing her last humble crust  
With a sick comrade who must  
On the self same highway pass  
Who goes to join the unknown class  
Of souls who pass beyond this life  
Souls who pass away from strife.

Thus the lonely woman dies  
None to calm her dying cries  
Stella's moaning, choking gasp  
With consolation in her clasp  
To her sister dead she turns  
Thro' her veins the fever burns  
Twines the dead in her embrace  
Now death I can surely face  
Two dead women were found next day,  
Found in an attic at day break grey.



One hundred entities am I  
And understand them all  
Good and bad! low and high  
Answer to my call.  
Should be the knowledge of every mind  
In whose mysteries we would find  
Knowledge wide and broad and deep  
Which we sacredly would keep  
Out from one ray is the whole  
Angel! devil! shadows the soul.

July 8, 1895.

—o—

“SEAMAN BEN.”

---

A seafaring man, was big gruff Ben  
Faring the sea for fame  
A ship of his own is his dream and then  
He will wear a captain's name.  
Faces the sea in roughest storms.  
With song and laugh and cheer  
Facing danger in all forms  
Without one shade of fear.  
Compact and small is his snug little craft  
Manned by firm, strong men,  
Loves the breeze whose salty waft  
Means more than lake and fen.  
Ben has grown up from a rugged boy  
Close by the shores of the sea  
Loving the calm and storm with joy  
And quiet growing glee.  
Wishing to come the day, when he can

Ship on the briney waves  
Loving the thought past boyhood to man  
Not knowing the way that paves.  
One step in life up to the next  
Is made with effort so sad  
But which is the old, old text  
We ever expect to be glad.  
By the next turn that comes to our life,  
Blindly we beat our way  
Over the billows with ignorant strife  
All will rise who may  
Breathe well and rise on the sea's wild crest  
Battling the wave and the wind.  
Harshes battles we know are best,  
Irrespective of their kind.  
Ben in his sailor's way jogs along plain,  
Happy and hearty and free  
As yet has known no sorrow nor pain  
His life is like the calm sea.  
Dreads not the storms of the winter's chill  
blast  
Thinks he the sun will e'er shine  
Always and ever upon his white mast  
Thinks he no cause to repine.  
Salty the sea breeze falls o'er his small boat  
Strengthening, firm and strong.  
Crafty the sharks in the ocean afloat  
Follow his wake along.  
Big Ben the joy of all on board  
Handsome, true and brave,  
Blue eyed—light haired—he can afford  
The titled god to save.  
Anchors his boat near the rocky coast  
Off from the English bay.  
All that know brave Ben can boast  
Of his good seamanship's way.  
Lands he in small boats on his native isle

Finds out the girls he adores.

Tells he sea stories with many a smile —

Tells how the ocean roars

When out in the depths past sight of land.

Tells of its deep treacherous pranks

Carries away like grains of sand

All within its ranks.

Yet of its power I am not afraid

Brave Ben cried unto his love

If at bottom of sea I'm laid

He'll see me from above.

The cool driving breeze of the salt sea air

Gave big Ben strength and health

The oil cloth suit we see him wear

And his boat comprised his wealth.

Staunch as the timber in the little crafts' keel

Is the heart of seaman Ben.

True thro' hardest woe and weal

One brave soul amongst all men.

Sets he again with face out to the sea

Braving the breakers so wild.

Firm as a lion yet gently

Loving as a child

Proud indeed of his bran new ship

Manned by a hearty crew

Every rise and falling dip

Speaks that she is new

Fine is the weather, light are their hearts

As they steam out to the deep

They've bid goodbye to their sweethearts

With hopes that they will keep

Fresh in their memory the image of those

Who love them more than they can tell

Well for them they know not the woes

There is in the ocean's swell.

Happier than all is big hearted Ben.

Captain at last of his ship—  
Prouder than the peacock hen  
Ah! but there's many a slip—  
Ben will come back to the one he loves  
After this first trips o'er  
Will make the nest for the pair of doves  
And be happy ever more,  
When he will wed the lass of his choice  
Whose waited for him these years  
Alas—she will never hear his voice  
Only for her are tears.  
Proud Captain Ben on his steamship new  
Is fighting a storm to-night  
Dark is his eye with clouded view  
He is ready for the fight.  
Heavy his heart and blanched his cheek  
The storm cloud upon him burst  
Tearing his ship to atoms and weak  
As the sailor's crust—  
Beat the heart of the brave seaman Ben  
As she settled down in the foam.  
Yet brave to his post stands seaman Ben  
And goes down without a moan.  
Down in the trough of the stormy sea  
Ben with his hand on the wheel  
Faithful, firm and true, while we  
Only sorrow can feel.  
A seafaring man was big gruff Ben  
Faring the sea for fame.  
A ship of his own was his dream and then  
Captain Ben his name.  
Many a tale does the calm sea tell  
Misery—woe and despair—  
Stories of deathless love as well  
As dying hopes so fair.  
Closes the stormy waves o're the big ship.)

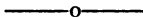
Next day there's calm at sea.

Never a trace as the waters sip  
The warm breeze from land and sea

Years pass and only the story remains  
How big Ben sailed out to sea—

Captain of his ship—whose gains  
He will meet in eternity.

July 8, 1895.



### “JUDATH THE PROPHETESS.”

---

A Hindoo maiden a Brahmen slave  
Forth to the world her wisdom gave  
Years before our Christ was born  
She knew the rose and the thorn.  
A priestess in her native land  
Held she the world's law in her hand  
Giving forth with childish faith  
The later laws we know which saith  
God is love and knowledge power  
Like a brilliant heavenly dower  
We know not very much more to-day  
Than they did in that past age far away.  
In material science for us no match  
In the science of soul they alone lift the latch  
To the door of the chamber of wisdom's deep laws  
They were the race that fathomed the cause  
Of nature's development the quiet Hindoo  
First studied life and inwardly knew  
That soul and body were as far apart  
Divided like the lightning's dart  
Soul for spirit life, body for earth

Nature's great goodness only gave birth  
To manifestation of spirit here  
To make the unknown law more clear.  
The unknown realm is the sphere that's real  
The life we live we must needs feel  
Is not perfected because there's an end  
Which we find not in all nature's trend.  
The sun and stars and sky we know  
Have existed since times first flow  
The trees and grass, the land and sea  
Repeat their duties faithfully  
Which is not death, in some decay  
Which only lasts for one short day  
Sprouts the green leaves every spring  
Shows us alone in nature's ring  
We find the truth of all that lives  
Nature to her children gives,  
Are the words that Judath speaks  
In her heart their melting reeks.  
The love for her people who her adore  
Prostrate before her to the floor  
Are the subjects around her throne  
She stands in her time alone  
The inner power that sways and yields  
Yet all with honest effort deals  
With their brethren—not understood  
Is the pound of flesh and blood.  
Judath the prophetess speaks these things  
Light and free as the bird whose wings  
Soars o'er mountain and on sea  
We should know that thought is free  
As wind and bird and light as air  
And can travel anywhere.  
Judath propesies unto her race  
Man will stand and firmly face  
All the secrets altho' now hidden

It is only man who is bidden  
Seek and ye shall ever find  
Is the law for all mankind  
Years before we knew this message  
Judath spoke with mighty prestage  
The Hindoo race are of fine mold  
Remind one of the beaten gold,  
Whose essence is its strongest force,  
So the Hindoo is not coarse  
But the finest thought he gives  
In his bosom ever lives  
To gain Nirvana is his prayer  
And his sins are very rare  
A people who entirely bloom  
In the solitude of the tomb.  
Spake the prophetess—man shall thrive  
He is the only thing alive  
Which will grasp and ever rule  
The elements in nature's school  
All unto his throne shall bow  
Only when he has learned how  
The unseen power to subjugate  
And 'tis coming slow by fate  
The birth of god's was well predicted  
The war of nation's who were evicted  
From their native lands so dear  
Judath the prophetess made very clear  
Prophesied new worlds to be found  
And gold be dug beneath the ground  
This day her twentieth year appeared  
Beautiful was Judath and well reared  
Small of stature, slight of limb  
She knew naught of any whim  
Reared alone in silence deep  
The old tradition to faithfully keep  
To have a prophet in their flock

Was foundation and a rock  
To build upon a temple vast  
And dream forever it would last.  
Judath to love must never yield  
Should she fall her fate is sealed.  
The power to prophesy will pass  
Unto another of her class  
Strong indeed must she guard her heart  
For love we know takes not a part  
Is not content without the whole  
Of the helpless struggling soul.  
When entangled in love's net  
Hopeless: we, our sun is set—  
Comes a youth one summer day  
Shining eyes and blithe and gay  
Lithe and light his easy swing  
In his voice the lover's ring.  
Meets Judath the prophetess—  
Promptly tells of his distress.  
That of love for her alone  
He would die without a moan  
In her lover's sweet embrace  
Judath drops her glowing face  
Melting eyes with love's bright ray  
Meets her lover's eyes of grey  
Ah! the oak and ivy leaf  
Often twine for deepest grief.  
Judath cries for love I'll die  
To her outraged people's sigh  
This last prophecy will I make  
Love shall live for love's own sake.  
Through all time in every race  
Animal, man and even space  
The very atoms of the air  
Is attracted from their lair  
By the law of love alone



Making one—unseen—unknown—  
Judath garbed in softest white  
Standing frail in the bright sunlight  
Prepared to meet the awful fate.  
Sad, O, sad to relate  
Burning in the fagots glare  
Judath's eyes with beauty rare  
Seeks in the crowd her lover's face  
Smiles with meek and winning grace  
Altho' I die, our love shall live  
Is the last message that I give  
Humanity yet will understand  
Love is the law in every land  
Pity 'twas there was no redress  
For Judath the prophetess.  
Judath prophetess thy wisdom to-day  
Is little understood by those who may  
Come to this knowledge in latter years  
After battles of life with storms and tears  
Conceited we grope on our way so blind  
Thinking the pearls we surely find  
Without dropping down our hand in the sea  
Away from the grosser self must we flee  
To reach the height which Judath gave  
O'er that early nation's grave.  
Her fate is only one of all  
Who studies closely nature's call.  
Their burnt with satire, sneer and scorn  
Every day of life a thorn  
Man with his intense selfish aim  
Keeps from himself a higher name.  
The true law of life must be lived outside  
The inner self: if not deep pride  
Settles in and takes possession  
We can say with true confession  
As superstitious are we to-day

As that nation far away  
By the law whose ignorant stress  
Burnt Judath, the prophetess.

July 11. 1895.

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### CANADIAN JIM.

A story was told  
One drear winter's night  
The story was bold  
For Jim was a knight.

Rough shod his shoes,  
And a coat of old fur,  
In fear he would lose  
The title of Sir.

Some of the others  
In the old logging camp  
Nine of these brothers  
Noticed the damp.

But Jim was the father,  
And all he said, went,  
The rest of them rather  
Begging be sent.

Than to go contrary,  
To what Jim said,  
For alone he was wary,  
And then kept his head.

In all kind of danger,  
Without much alarm,  
Yet he was no stranger  
To very great harm.

His aim as a hunter,  
Was deadly and straight,  
Jim ne'er was a grunter,  
And knew every bait

That trapped the wild beast  
That roved Canada's wood,  
And the boys knew at least;  
That old Jim was good.

He never spoke much,  
In fact was so still,  
The lads thought him such  
As hadn't much will.

On old aged Jim,  
Thrust they many a laugh,  
Without a gruff whim,  
He took their light chaff.

This night round the camp-fire,  
Ten men crouched around,  
Old Jim was the drier,  
Of all on the ground.

As usual he nodded,  
With nothing to say,  
As he always had plodded  
Forty years and a day.

Through the foothills and wild  
Of far western land,  
Since he was a child  
With no helping hand.

To guide him no kindness,  
To help him, no joy,  
He ne'er had known happiness  
Since he was a boy.

To-night the boys laughing  
And joking with cheer  
In the loggers camp quaffing,  
Life's fun without fear.

With many a story,  
And bright songs they sing,  
They tell in their glory,  
Of youth's joyous ring.

Merry, light hearted,  
Sing they to-night,  
Aside from them parted  
Sits Jim near the light.

From the day bent,  
With hands round his knees,  
The joy of life lent  
To the wind and the trees.

He heeds not their liveliness,  
Hears not their song,  
Feels not his own distress,  
Eyes fixed and long.

Watches the burning pile,  
With dull despair,  
Watches with breaking smile,  
Dying embers there.

Tell us a story, Jim.  
Please sir, to-night,  
Tell it with good old vim,  
You have a right.

We've never asked for one  
All summer long,  
Now you have had your run,  
We are the strong.

Jim smiled and hunched a bit,  
Drew up his coat,  
Looked around where he would sit,  
While the story quote.

Forty years to-night, my boys,  
I was a lad in Maine.  
Not brought up to many joys,  
Which you might call gain.

I wooed and won a pretty lass,  
Bessie Bruce her name.  
And it seems it came to pass,  
To our wedding came.

A lad with murder in his heart  
Jealousy deep as hell,  
He was bound that we should part,  
Told his story well.

I was the most unsuspecting,  
Kind of youth in them days,  
Thought the truth he was relating  
The way the story raised.

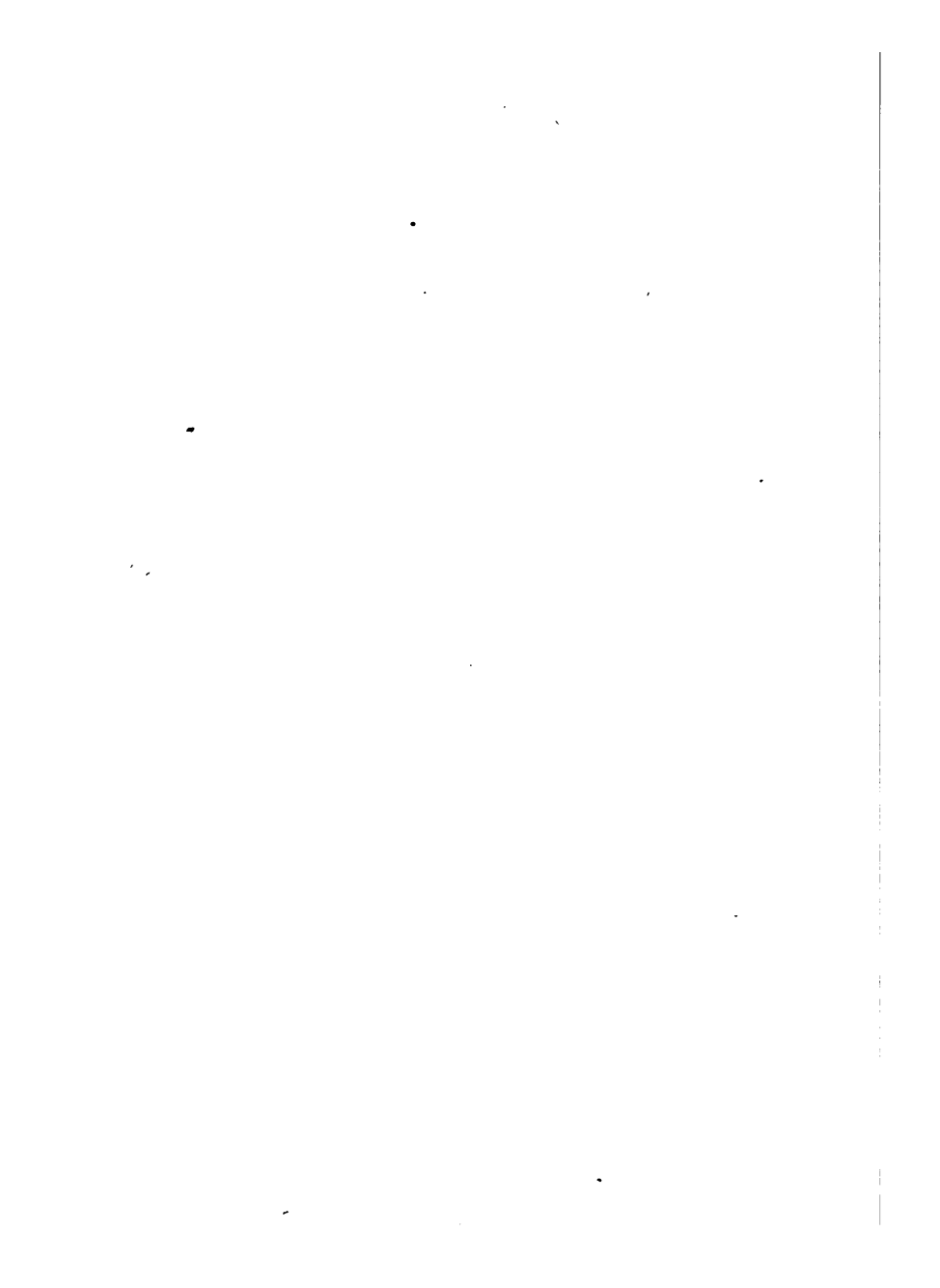
In my heart a pile of hate,  
He said Bess wasn't true,  
And I said as sure as fate,  
I'd never cross her view.

I had gone and wed the girl,  
But that night I rode away  
With my soul in awful whirl  
And I savagely would pay

Some one to have wilfully killed,  
Bessie, I hated her so,  
But the devil nearly filled  
My heart with vicious woe.



But to-night boys—I saw Bessie  
Standing there beside the fire  
Just the shadow of her mercy  
Is my secret hearts' desire.



A hot tear rolled down  
Jim's dry withered cheek,  
He fluttered and splashed around  
And then settled meek.

Years passed the lad he died,  
On his death bed  
Constantly for Jim he cried,  
Something in his head

Bothered him night and day,  
He could not die.  
I went to him and—say—  
This was his sigh.

Said that of Bess he'd lied,  
She was true as gold,  
But in his wretched pride  
To the devil sold.

All that in him was good,  
In that lie that day,  
Wished then the maker would,  
Strike him down some way.

He died that night, and I  
Set out for Bess,  
Down on my knees and cry,  
My sin confess.

I found Bessie laid away  
Underneath the sod;  
Two years, and now I pray  
Strike me dead; Oh! God.

The very last words, she said,  
Was to tell Jim  
Heart broken—dead she laid,  
And for love of him.



I have wandered since that time,  
Roamed these hills for years ;  
Although I've traveled many a clime ;  
To-night shed my first tears.

But to-night, Boys, I saw Bessie,  
Standing there beside the fire,  
And the shadow of her mercy  
Is my secret heart's desire.

There she is my boys again,  
Don't you see her standing there?  
I'm young Jim to-night from Maine  
And with my sweetheart Bessie's fair.

And she beckons me to stand,  
Stretches out her hand—says Jim  
I will lead you through the land  
And will lead you up to Him.

And I'm going, boys, good-bye,  
Bess has come to me at last,  
With yearning arms and welcome cry  
Bessie dear our sorrows passed

They buried him 'neath the Canadian snow,  
They said the old man's mind was frail.  
Over his grave the wild winds blow,  
With many a sigh and moan and wail.

They tell the story in after years,  
Of how Jim died one winter night,  
They told he shed a few salt tears,  
But said Jim had died of fright.

July 12, 1895.

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"SPIRIT."

---

Laying aside the thoughts of earth  
The spirit flies to future birth  
In unchecked mental flight  
Independent of day or night.  
The unfettered soul can rapidly flee  
On the land or on the sea  
Out into eternal space  
Thro' the lines of all the race  
Into Egypt by the sea,  
Piercing into eternity.  
From earliest childhood the growth of soul  
Strives to reach the very goal  
That cannot here be attained  
Perhaps 'tis why we are retained  
Cycles on this plane below.  
The constellation to which we grow  
Stronger every day of life  
Is universal and without strife.  
Life in all atomic force  
Paves the way in truest course  
To the universal plan  
And epitomizes man.  
The smallest minute sand  
On the widening ocean strand  
Is manifest and strong  
And to various forms belong.  
And the smallest blade of grass  
In our very lives outclass.  
All the scientific truths

Which in nature ever proves  
That beyond our utmost grasp  
Which we vainly try to clasp  
Is the true life that is real  
And we deeply ever feel  
We can never understand  
That which seems so close at hand.  
Why does man forever pine  
Never to his life consign  
Quiet life or ere content  
Every step appears misspent  
And as every year has passed  
All the coming ones more massed  
With perplexities more dense  
He thinks to fight it with more sense  
Does he? time alone will tell  
The future throws its charming spell  
Over mind and man and plant  
And to say so is not cant.  
Out from all the past we gleam  
Not as if an unknown realm  
Had cast upon us passing lights  
They are real and living sights  
Perhaps 'tis why we grasp and groan  
And why we fight and fight and moan.  
The spirit life of most mankind  
Is different from material mind  
Man manifests upon two planes  
'Tis a world wide law that he maintains  
Man's spirit soars in unseen realms  
While the physical portion scarcely deems  
It necessary to move but slow  
And short the way it has to go  
From the cradle to the grave.  
Walked with cowardice or brave—  
When it takes a space of years

With broken hopes and silent tears  
The spirit scans quick as thought  
Thousands of years are but as nought  
To the soul that is free from earth  
Deep understanding is as mirth  
To the soul that has crossed the line  
Seeking for the eternal mine.  
The knowledge of the passing races  
Comes at only various spaces  
Time with unconcealed delight  
Renders the gleaning a desperate fight.  
The ever unfolding soul of man  
Thro' civilization's giant plan  
Has come out thro' the ages past  
As a strong ray of light which will always cast  
Reflection along the shores of time  
In touches of anguish, in touches of rhyme.  
War with its dark unholy cloud  
With terrible voice has cried aloud  
Left a trail of destruction black  
Left a mark of the chain and rack—  
While peace has left a shining ray  
Strong as the sun, night and day.  
Material elements are war and peace  
When their no more—Progression will cease.  
The element of material life  
E'en in quietude or strife  
Whether in man or plant or tree  
Is tuned in nature's harmonious key.  
Through the universe prevades  
As in all past decades  
Element of spirit force  
True to its directed course.  
All powerful yet to us unseen  
We cannot think of it a dream.  
Deep in the heart of man is burning

The wish for future life and yearning  
Is his intense soul  
For the rest and final goal  
Which we find not on this plane  
But hope we may obtain  
When we lay aside the thoughts of earth  
And the spirit flies to future birth.  
Feb. 25, 1895.

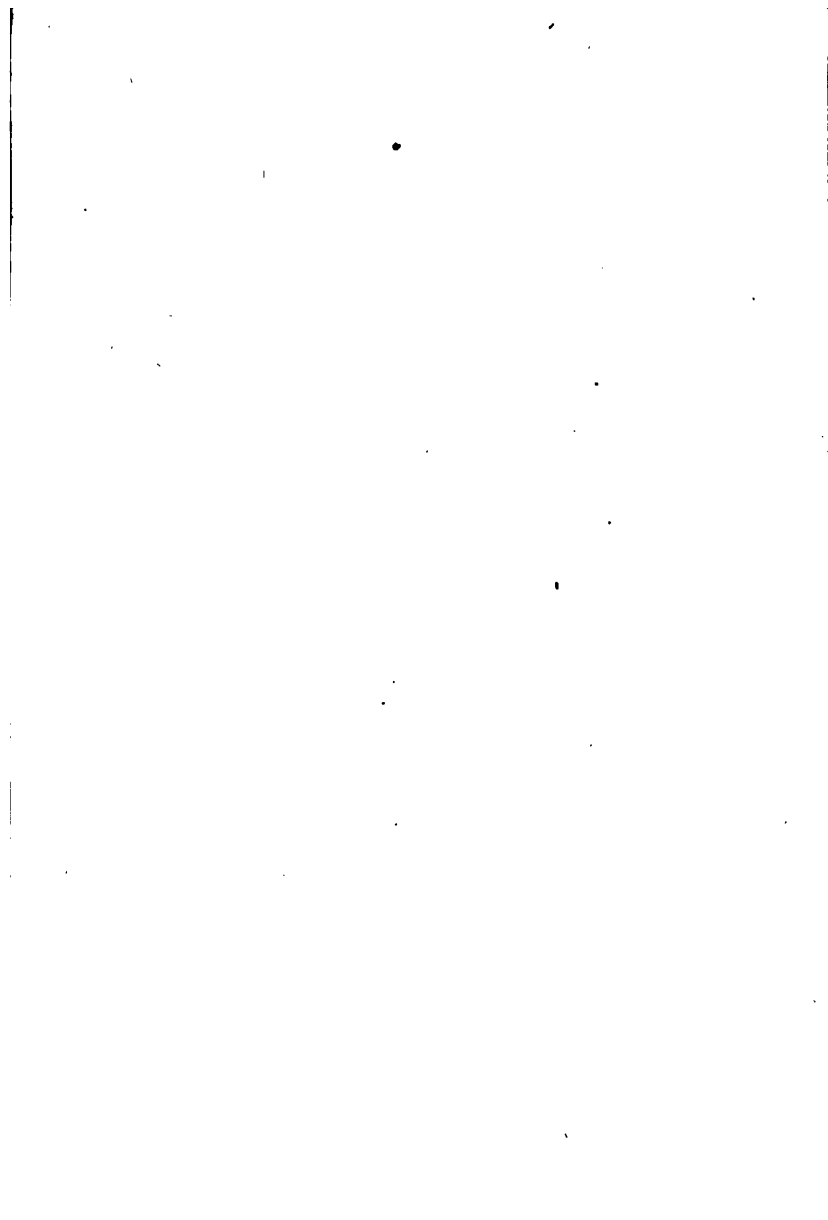
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“OLIVIA.”  
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Olivia firm and slow  
In the evening's darkening glow  
Treads the garden path in gloom  
Her face has lost its beauteous bloom  
Pale and shadow like she glides  
In her heart no peace abides  
Wild and glaring shines her eyes  
Piercing to the very skies  
Serpent like her weaving tread  
Waving to and fro her head  
Proud and haughty—defiant, sad—  
And her heart is raging mad.

Slow and measured is her act  
Olivia has the utmost tact  
Yet with misery deep distres't  
And within her soul no rest  
Grasping with intense strength  
Life and love at any length  
Is her pleading piteous wail  
She stands now—without the veil  
'Tis the soul we see at last  
Ever to the curse is fast  
Groaning now in mute despair  
Oh, to rest—rest—anywhere.



Groaning now in mute despair  
Oh! to rest—rest—anywhere.



The curse upon her will ever ring  
Thro' her ears and ever cling  
On thro' time with sickening dread  
While she prays that she were dead.  
She has lived thro' all past ages  
She has knowledge of the sages  
Who have lived and passed away  
Thousands of years—and to-day—  
Olivia lives and cannot die  
That is her one wailing cry  
The curse upon her in a breath  
She lives a life of living death.

Raging is her awful mind  
Wild for rest she cannot find  
Knowing her soul is foul and black  
She can only see the hideous track  
And torture of her endless life  
Filled with agony and strife  
She sees her soul in a body clad  
Beauteous, which only drives her mad.  
The exquisite face and form she wears  
She could tear it into shreds as anger bears  
Its weight as it eats her heart away  
Suffering always night and day.

We see her first in antiquity,  
In early Egypt by the sea  
A ruler's daughter with command  
Over the nobles of the land.  
Gold and purple filmy lace—  
She is decked with wondrous grace  
Slaves to fan and cool her brow  
Slaves to guard and shield, and now—  
Arbadace her lover, brave and bold  
With bristling steed and armour of gold.  
Awaits outside the columned portal—  
Olivia—indeed a happy mortal.



He is a descent of noble line,  
Of Egyptian kings, his profile fine  
And deeply cut, dark flashing eye—  
Proud of bearing—the eagle's cry  
Like unto his soaring mind,  
In all of Egypt you cannot find  
One more firm and true and brave  
Than Arbadace, who lives not—save  
In the glamour of Olivia's love  
The unseen only who are above—  
Can understand and not repine  
Can understand—to love divine.

Yet Olivia was cold and stern  
No divine spark in her heart could burn  
False to every thought express'd—  
Crafty—designing—and addressed  
All the power of her given mind  
Unto the lowest of her kind.  
Untrue to life, and love and nature  
Poured on the guilty creature  
Volumes of unseen wrath—  
There are suffering souls who hath  
Never known a peaceful dower  
In their lives one single hour.

Arbadace thought her good and true  
Adored her as the very few  
Who place too high their heart's idol—  
Almost their frailness they extol  
Yet slumbering in his dark'ning face  
Was the madness of his race.  
As false to his love Olivia curs'd  
On her in wild torrents burst  
Thro' all years of coming time  
Thou wilt live and madly pine  
For the love which thou to-day  
Trample on and cast away.

Thou wilt meet me in every age—  
I will know thee as an open page  
Thou wilt know me from every other  
Youth; thou wilt recognize thy lover.  
By this sign I show to thee—  
An emblem of eternity.  
He uttered a low and shivering cry  
Thou and I shall never die—  
As I now this word repeat  
Thou' wilt hear in what ere retreat  
In the future thou canst find  
'Twill forever ring in thy raving mind.

And thou wilt yearn for me and sigh  
As ages and ages pass thee by,  
Thy heart shall never find its rest  
Tho' wilt ever be in quest  
Of life, and love, calm and peace  
Thy heart's struggle shall never cease,  
Even to the end of time  
In any country—any clime—  
Shalt thou seek me finding never  
By the utmost stern endeavor  
On through time—time forever—  
No relenting—never—never.

Lest indeed thou shouldst come to know  
Love divine in its god-like flow—  
Laying aside selfishness—greed—  
When thou hast learned to know the need  
Of truth and peace and humility,  
Thou wilt forever have gentility  
And beauty stamped upon thy face  
Every outward form of grace—  
But thou wilt know thy soul is black  
And that will be the very rack  
Thou wilt see thy soul alone  
To thee my curse is thus made known.

Which did not on Olivia rest  
With heavy thought or much distress  
I am beautiful and young  
And will pass my life among  
Those who love me very much  
And whose faithfulness is such  
Which will keep from me all harm  
I've no need for much alarm  
Arbadace raved before he died  
Led too far by his own pride  
By love for his ruler's child  
Which indeed was very wild.

Olivia cried I'll soon forget  
That he and I have ever met—  
This moment I think of me a king  
Of whose praise the nations sing.  
He shall then my lover be.  
That I am beautiful he will see  
And shall feel my strength and power  
Stronger than he, have I made cower  
By the depth of strong intent—  
That this shall be I'm firmly bent  
Festivities here shall I commend  
And bid the distant king attend.

So with many an art and smile  
And withal a little guile  
Olivia set about to win  
Counting as nothing any sin  
Which would bring him to her feet  
Humbled from his high born seat.  
Clad in white and golden lace  
Bending now in winning grace  
Flushed—triumphant—sure almost  
The king loves me at any cost  
Arbadace's curse is nothing more  
Than a heart which was very sore.

Out in the night by the flowing Nile  
Where blooms the lotus many a mile  
The radiant moon its golden light  
Spreads with calm and glimmer bright  
Shadows the palms in the flowing stream  
Senuous in the moonlight gleam  
On the marble terrace tread  
Olivia and the king, whose head  
Towers above her—yet heart to heart  
She feels from him she cannot part.  
Love and life are in her hand  
She will rule queen of the land.

Thus the trend of Olivia's mind  
She is yielding, sweet and kind—  
She bends and plucks a lotus stalk  
In her proud and stately walk,  
Out from the silence in the night  
She starts—and shrinks with awful fright,  
A wailing, low and shivering cry  
Rings close to her side—now on high—  
Dying away on the distant air  
The curse—the curse—Arbadace there  
The signal word of which he said  
Her eyes are starting from her head.

She bends with fright and turns and sways—  
She is ghastly white in the full moon's rays  
The king has heard the awful cry,  
She sees in his face, she need not try  
To understand it different.  
His look is fixed with wild intent  
Out toward where the unearthly groan  
Is dying away in an awful moan.  
The meaning of this—I see—  
Apparent is well known to thee.  
From that night's mysterious ring  
Olivia never saw the king.

For his love she pined in secret  
In her heart a deep regret  
I have nothing now but strife  
All the luxuries of life  
Since that fatal night have fled.  
Father—mother—lover—dead,  
The nation's loss is not to me  
Deeper than this misery.  
I'm doomed to live and never die  
I will yet gain courage by  
New device and will wage  
War with all my inner rage.

The Egyptian nation passed away  
Buried 'neath its ancient clay  
The loves and hates of thousands of hearts  
Intrigues of war and blood which starts  
Channels of thought flowing along  
The lines of time like a weaving song.  
Shadows dark, and shadows light  
As breaking day and gathering night  
Intense wrath and quiet calm  
With serene heavenly balm.  
One decade has lightly passed  
For the next which will be classed,

In Sparta by the Aegean Sea,  
Where lives a people light and free.  
There pursuits in this wondrous clime  
Is art and love and even rhyme—  
The men and women of this race  
Are gods and goddesses whose grace  
Will live in all futurity—  
Free from much immunity.  
Of the envy which will follow—  
Coming races which are hollow  
To this god-like one compared  
By the God Zeus, it is cared.

Wandering by the pebbled shore  
A maiden reading ancient lore  
Sur'ound'd by a group of Grecian maids  
In whose minds wisdom grades  
Knowledge from their teacher wise—  
She with honest effort tries  
The oracles with sentiment  
Be understood with clear intent  
For unseen truth is ever yearning  
In her soul a strong fire burning  
A recluse now in foreign lands  
We see Olivia where she stands.

In this life I'll surely know  
Peace and love as I learn and grow  
Though knowledge which I find expres't  
I think me now I will find rest.  
Xantus loves me yet his face  
Reminds me of the narrow space  
Between this and my own life passed  
And this misery is more massed,  
Upon my mind and heart and brain  
'Tis a fearful deathless train—  
Following me these years and years  
Spite of all my burning tears.

I yearn for quiet, love and peace  
When my struggling soul will cease  
Of, that I might be blest with death  
I am weary of this breath  
Called life: which means the least  
Of all thats real: O for the East,  
My childhood's native clime  
'Twas all but then sublime  
I cannot still this stifling hate  
Nor can I ever compensate  
Is the thought I have to-day  
Right or wrong I cannot say.

In this life for the cruel wrongs  
Whose shadows are like binding thongs  
Which I did in that age gone by  
Arbadace's curse and quivering cry  
Has rung forever in mine ears  
All these long and hopeless years.  
Yet through Xantus' love I trust,  
To find peace and rest, and must  
Guard this secret carefully  
To all intent will cheerfully  
Bear an outward calm repose  
This bane I never will expose.

Olivia was famed far and near  
For her wondrous beauty and very dear  
Was she to Xantus the hero of Greece  
Renowned alike in war and peace.  
Loved indeed by young and old  
He led the hosts of Spartan's bold  
Against the Trojan's mighty men  
With honors from the battle—then  
At Olivia's shrine his trophies laid  
His heart and hand and proudly made  
His palace by the flowing tide  
To welcome home his lovely bride.

What is this change in his face I see  
Me thought last night 'neath the Cypress tree  
A low and wailing sound I heard  
Again I thought it but a bird.  
In his eyes the look was strange  
I felt it covered all the range  
Of my life and wandering years  
Which are like so many sears.  
I seemed to see Arbadace's glance  
Pierce me like a sharpened lance,  
From out the eyes in Xantus' head  
Woe is me—I wish me dead.

I dare not meet that look again  
Which has brought to me this pain  
Me thinks perchance 'tis better fly  
Than hear again that deathless cry  
My Xantus comes—Ah! changed indeed  
I have surely every need  
To wish for courage firm and strong  
In my fear I may be wrong.  
I will not my thoughts confide  
But still rely on my nature's pride  
Smiling to her lover's bow  
Sad is the Greek Olivia, now—

Olivia, the Spartan spoke  
What is this mysterious cloak  
Which seems to wrap thy thoughts in gloom  
It has distressed me—and I assume  
To think thou art troubled in thy mind,  
Of thy life thou hast confined,  
The utmost secrecy and yet,  
When unguarded thou hast let  
Forth some weird and strange like speech  
Wise and far beyond thy reach  
Of knowledge in this century gleamed  
From the ancient Egypt seemed.

Ask me not, Olivia cried—  
Dost tho' not know I can scarce abide  
Thought of that land by the Red Sea.  
What unknown fate or destiny  
Has driven thee to ask those things?  
This land I love; yon bird that sings  
Is no more happy and free than I,  
Who loves to sing and dreads to sigh.  
Thou speakest false, the Spartan cried,  
Tho' hast firmly, vainly tried  
From me thy secret to conceal  
But to thee I will reveal.



To my mind is now made clear  
Thou art haunted by a fear  
And thy soul is overtaken  
With heavy doubts thy heart is shaken.  
Thy beauteous form has from me vanished  
I wish from me thy sight could banish.  
Well mayest tho' writhe and moan  
I feel my heart has turned to stone,  
In its loathing hate toward thee  
An unknown change has come over me.  
A quivering, low and wailing cry  
Forth from his lips with an awful sigh.

Smote upon Olivia's ear  
Almost dumb with blinding fear  
Stricken she listens, cold with fright  
The fading and the calm twilight—  
The dying hope of a glorions dream  
Will live forever an expres'd theme  
Shattered her hope of love and bliss  
Gone the hope of happiness  
Crouched and broken with mute despair  
Her wild cries ring in the eventide air  
In her dying lover's face  
She sees the Egyptian Arbadace.

Raging then with bitter hate  
I will yet defy the fate  
Cast upon my heart to-day  
I will from this land away.  
A Roman where the Tibers flow  
Colors blue at even's glow  
A people strong and harsh and vain  
Their barbaric minds retain.  
Gleams of a life beyond this sphere  
A new Christ is living here  
Among the followers in His wake  
Olivia, the cross will take.

For her standard of this time  
In a different western clime  
Love shall never cross my path  
I will cast upon it wrath.  
This God has given now to me  
Hope of calm eternity  
His teachings as I understand  
Are new unto this Pagan land.  
Few His followers, strong their faith  
His law is one that saith,  
If thy sin be black as night  
Repentance will make it white.

I find a peace o'er me steal  
That I ne'er before could feel  
I will cast from me aside  
All that seems as haughty pride  
I will humbly bow a knee  
To this faith, new it may be  
He has said "to others do,  
As you would have them do to you."  
Which brings to my mind new thought  
Within me I feel strangely wrought.  
The Roman's clamour for His life  
Which He does not pass in strife.

He teaches this present life as nought  
To the future one which will be sought  
By people for decades to come  
As the knowledge of life they vainly sum  
With years and years vain effort growing  
All good thought, good actions flowing  
He is poor and humble—meek—  
For reverence does not seek.  
He has been sent from another land  
Into this one to command  
The few who listen to His voice  
Even then they have their choice.

Between the belief which He expresses  
Many a Roman He distresses,  
By His knowledge, Godlike, deep  
Away from "that twelve," I cannot keep  
To listen to Him contents my heart,  
I could never bear to part  
From their wisdom which will grow  
Every day and learn to know  
Here if happy we would be  
We must learn humility  
Prophetic men His birth foretold  
And He will not touch even gold.

High upon Mount Calvary  
Stands tall crosses there for three  
Olivia on the maddening throng  
Calmly watches from among  
A few whom she has taught to know  
The great truths and their wondrous flow  
Of peace and love when the soul is free  
From the sins of earth and their revelry,  
Saw the God-man, breathe His last  
Horror deep on her heart is cast.  
The picture of His death to-day  
Will never—never pass away.

Olivia, cried, His law was truth  
His life and death a proof forsooth;  
It will surely come to pass  
Few His followers we can class  
Nations yet will homage pay  
To the God who died this day  
I will journey on through years  
Blinded now by no more fears.  
In this age I have wisdom learned  
And peace for which my soul has yearned  
The Romans of the later age  
Allowed religious war to rage.

Between the older Pagan sect  
And the few of Christ's elect  
Into the Amphitheater's ring  
They the Christian believes fling  
Let the lions tear and eat,  
Thinking it a glorious feat  
Barbarians thy highest prize  
Ne'er will penetrate the skies.  
The tottering Coliseum of Rome  
Honeycombed without a dome  
Stands to-day a parable  
Little tho' wert charitable.

What is all the pomp to thee—  
A drop in the ocean of eternity  
All that has lived from out thy age  
Oh, Roman—is the small knowledge  
Gathered, gleaned and condensed  
For the following race to sense.  
And if possible to advance  
Altho' they may look askance  
Of all the periods of the east  
The Romish clan the very least  
To further all that's free and grand  
They are bound by self command.

Fallen Rome, no more the pride  
Of the Adriatic's golden tide,  
Thy haughty, clamoring race is run  
Forever thy grasping day is done  
Great evils arose in thy empire  
Until at last burnt out by fire  
The history of thy later life  
Could only be wiped out by strife.  
The nations' in its last decay  
After a powerful lasting sway  
Where stood thy city in splendor proud  
Vesuvius' ashes is part its shroud.

Sighed Olivia as her way she wends  
On to the sea whose cool charm lends  
To her heart with grief distrest  
A quietude and calming rest  
That age has passed as but a day  
In the calendar of life and they  
Poor dupes of gold and greed  
Thought to live and never need  
Look beyond the present time  
Into that other glorious clime  
Where there's no divided nation  
Passed this mortal habitation.

Plain to my mind they dread to die  
Wishing to live always, while I  
Would give my life and yield it gladly  
The curse upon my heart rests sadly.  
To die is not the hardest task  
For life is much that wears the mask.  
I have known three nation's rise and fall  
Known there splendid glories, all—  
Yet would I pass their gold and glitter  
To lay aside my sorrow bitter  
For just one hour of my life  
To rid me of this inner strife.

Arbadace's haunting face to me  
Is yet the depth of misery  
If I could but forget his look  
But where e'er I go, in whatever nook  
I cannot from him ever hide.  
His deathless trail, the ocean's tide  
Is not more true and strong and fierce  
Than a soul whose mind can pierce  
Straight to its directed aim  
No known hinderance will it frame  
I will suffer on and must  
Retribution's law is just.

Time rolls on a western world  
A nation new stands unfurled  
In intellect standing high, and more  
Deeply versed in scientific lore  
They follow music, art and rhyme  
A noted people in their growing prime  
A race of free men who gladly hail  
Their motto of Liberty with avail  
Their studies in nature's secret mines  
Has brought them knowledge in various lines  
Thus thro' many years and lands  
Olivia lives and understands.

That many ages pass in vain  
Before man knows the inner train  
Of life, its use and hidden meaning  
Every hour means mental gleanings,  
And we learn to be content  
When we learn development.  
Is the law whose unseen working  
In the seed of which is lurking  
All of nature's immense wealth  
Which we cannot have by stealth  
With honest thought we must pursue  
Our ordered lives and then be true.

To every higher expressed thought  
Which brings the knowledge which is sought  
Reaching into higher spheres  
Attracts the thing which it endears  
This modern nation's keen desires  
Has brought to it which it aspires  
On the verge of discoveries vast  
Alas! e'en this age cannot last  
Yet will leave its brightened ray  
Along the sweep of life's pathway  
An oasis in the desert sand  
Is the birthright of this land.

Away from Egypt her native shore  
Olivia hears the ocean's roar  
In this new world in the west  
Its activity and zest  
To her life a sweet charm lending  
As her lovely pathway trending  
On thro' years to another race  
To another decade in the lines of space.  
O, that we might in our worshipful rapture  
Just one hour of that future life capture.  
They live with the sixth sense developed entire  
They are more than mortal and past desire.

They have reached a high perfection  
They indeed a choice selection  
Of the previous nation's powers  
Peaceful mind their rightful dowers.  
They dwell and live with understanding  
Of Nature in its vast commanding  
Among them is no rough confusion  
And they live not in seclusion.  
Instead of wasted strength and talk  
Silently in life they walk  
With them there's no day or night  
They read and know in the astral light.

All their power of comprehension  
Is not wasted with intention  
All their energetic strength  
In its outward flowing length.  
Inwardly is firmly turned  
'Tis a wisdom they have learned  
We to day think not to save  
Any thing to hold the grave  
With its yawning deep abyss  
And the lost hope of happiness  
From us very far away  
What we court is death to-day.

A brief respite has Olivia gained  
Of the curse which has her spirit mained  
The later periods she has passed by  
She has escaped the deathless cry  
In this age, I'll persevere  
Olivia said altho' severe  
To perfect my sinking soul  
Alas the journey will condole  
Something to my sorrowing mind  
Thus in knowledge which I find  
Is the perfect law which leads  
Out to all our yearning needs.

Olivia lives in youth perpetual  
Which is not like our life conditional  
Oh, that age should ever creep  
That we could escape that sleep  
Cast upon all life that breathes  
Which is animal, plant and trees  
Even earth and moss and rock  
Ah! we need not laugh or mock  
All things die but spirit force  
Which ever lives in its true course  
The sun and moon and stars and air,  
Have ever lived and now beware.

Of how we reckon materially  
For things of earth, ah! verily,  
Come to an end which is decay  
While the soul of us the one bright ray  
Lives forever as sun and star  
Can see the past or look afar  
Into the future for those who solve  
In mysterious silence they evolve  
Matter changes; spirit lives  
Unchanged is the law which gives  
To the seer his northern light  
Which sets the magnet needle right.



This wonderful age is a true example  
Of understood knowledge and very ample  
Is their breadth of intelligent mind  
They live quiet, firm and kind.  
They read of the age before them passed  
Barbarians indeed, is what there classed  
With their strife and mad endeavor  
To gain—to gain—and never—never  
For one moment realizing  
But forever are despising  
That for which this life was meant  
Their one vain cry atonement.

No commerce in this peaceful age  
Disturbs their calm unblotted page  
They exist on the air and sun  
No greed of profit that day is done  
Nature has turned her smiling face,  
To this sylph like spirit race  
For years and years she has only frowned  
And from the antique races ground  
One and all under her heel  
This age she loves and we can feel  
In the darkness of to-day  
A brighter light not far away.

Olivia now surround'd by friends  
Ever her charming wisdom lends  
Soaring thought and bright discourse  
Ever flowing in its source  
Looked upon by old and young  
As the wisest now among  
Many who are now collected  
Wishing by her to be directed  
They know she has communed with those  
Who passed beyond at each century's close  
Spirits are as tangible to me  
As physical forms are to thee.

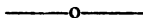
Olivia to her followers said,  
Be thou never then afraid  
If thou wish for such communion  
Join with intense strength and union  
Thy heart and mind beyond this sphere  
Past these things which seem most dear  
But withal a passing dream  
All things earthly but a gleam  
Of that other life and yonder  
While we vainly, idly ponder  
When we grow to understand  
We will reach that wished for land.

Yet when Olivia is alone  
A sad and low and pitiful moan  
Breaks forth from her weary heart  
To die—to die—and with a start  
Out in the darkness of earthly night  
Coming toward her robed in white  
Arbadace with pleading eyes  
Waiting for her soul's replies  
Forgive—forgive, my cursed pride  
Forgive—forgive, Arbadace cried.  
All these years I've yearned for thee  
Without which there is no eternity.

Peace at last Olivia cried,  
Love and life she gently sighed  
Her arms around her lover winding  
One at last and forever binding  
Purified by life's distresses  
Perfection is which life expresses  
Olivia steps past mortal death  
Passed the need of physical breath  
Into the sphere she sought so long  
Where all is peace and rhyme and song  
Her soul as beautiful, white as a dove  
Radiant she meets her long lost love.

Some souls upon their last life here  
Are dark and withered even sere  
They cannot see the reason why  
Their soul is sick that is the cry  
They understand not any ray  
That lights them on their darkened way  
And some souls in their first life here  
Are made alone of spirit clear  
They sense and know and yet consign  
All that is—is just—divine—  
Perfection is the only goal  
Waiting for the struggling soul.

March 13, 1895.



“THE HOUR THE SHADOWS  
GATHER.”

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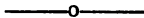
The hour the shadows gather  
The restful time of day  
The time we dream and rather  
Wile the hour away.  
Rock and croon and ponder  
As the evening's glow  
Settles, and we wonder—  
Rocking to and fro.

Wonder as the shadows fall  
Of the coming time  
Wishing that the future call  
Will be pleasing rhyme.  
Rock and croon and ponder  
As the shadows glide  
Night comes on like yonder  
Ebbing ocean tide.

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Eventide the shadows fall—  
    Bringing calm and rest  
Eventide the shadows call  
    Thoughts which are the best.  
Rock and croon and ponder  
    As the shadows fall  
We but grow the fonder  
    Of life's pleasures—all.

April 7, 1895.



## I LOVE HIM AND I HATE HIM.

LINES WRITTEN ON A FAMOUS CASE OF M. BERRILLION, FRENCH HYPNOTIST.

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I love him and I hate him  
    And I suffer so I feel  
That my brain is turned to madness  
    And my heart has turned to steel.

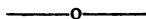
I love him and I hate him  
    And the day is turned to night  
And yet the hand that smote me  
    Might easily make it light.

I love him and I hate him  
    All life seems broken now  
It was all mistaken measures  
    By the breaking of a vow.

I love him and I hate him/  
    The love will never die  
The hate has turned to wormwood  
    All the good that's ever nigh.

I love him and I hate him,  
    May my love forever live  
May the hate that I have felt for him  
    Die, and then forgive.

June 16, 1894.



THE STRIVING, RESTLESS MIND  
OF MAN.

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The striving, restless mind of man  
    Can not withstand the strain  
Of progress' law, let he who can  
    Rest, what will he gain.

He will but glean from out the past  
    Enough to make him strong  
In firm convictions to the last  
    Of the injustice of the throng.

The ever searching mind of man  
    Will yet scale every height  
No law in the universal plan  
    But will be in his might.

So let the march forever be  
    Onward forever on  
As the river winding toward the sea  
    Till man and God be one.

January 18, 1895.

SOME DAY.

---

Some day

Some way

All things will come out right.

Some day

Some way

All our lives will have the light.

Some day

Some way

Darkness will banished be.

Some day

Some way

The end of struggles we shall see.

Some day

Some way

Life's course will smoother glide.

Some day

Some way

Loving peace will abide.

June 16, 1894.

SATURDAY NIGHT.  

---

Saturday night on the City's streets  
Sad faces are what we meet  
Sad from toil and sad from care  
Sad from misery's constant wear  
Sad from grief and heart-aches deep  
Sad for want of rest and sleep!

Poor sad faces, Oh, how worn  
Heavy burdens are the thorn  
Faces which might happy be  
If only happiness they could see  
Scarce one face in all the throng  
But the world has judged so very wrong.

O, the sadness of this life  
Written in faces with such strife  
Makes us feel the woe around us  
Makes us know the sadness, thus  
We should realize the cause  
And we never then would pause

To do the good that we should do  
Unconscious whether we are true  
To the laws which man has made  
Or the heavenly law which said  
"Let ye unto others do  
As ye would be done unto."

September 2, 1894.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

---

I love the midnight silent hour  
It's intense,depth's a priceless dower  
It's quiet voice  
Gives me a choice  
    Of nature's many moods.

The midnight's gloomy silent hour  
Has strength to make the daylight cower  
From its dark'ning view  
As the shadows grew  
    Toward daylight's breaking light.

The midnight's ghostly silent hour  
Has in its element the power  
To throw its rays  
In wondrous ways  
    On the brightening days that follow.

January 1, 1895.



## THE DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

LINES ON PICTURE; BY PAUL SINIBALDI.  

---

The pride of her race—  
In her brow and face—  
All sheen and lace—  
    The daughter of the Rajah.

Stately and noble—  
No yielding or trouble—  
But pride or its double—  
    The daughter of the Rajah.

No false conformity—  
To form's deformity—  
Natural grace with unity—  
    The daughter of the Rajah.

Wild with haughty bearing—  
Her proud head rearing—  
To stooping never nearing—  
    The daughter of the Rajah.

In her veins the blood of nations  
Proud indeed of their relations—  
With the ruler's of creations  
    The daughter of the Rajah.

December 27, 1894.

SLEIGH-BELLS.  

---

The sleigh-bells! the sleigh-bells!  
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells,  
Hearts so glad,  
Hearts so sad,  
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells.

The sleigh-bells! the sleigh-bells!  
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells,  
Driving along  
With tune and song,  
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells.

The sleigh-bells! the sleigh-bells!  
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells,  
Light and gay  
Night and day,  
The jingling, merry sleigh-bells.

December 29, 1894.

## ON PILA'S PEAK.

LINES TO R. L. STEVENSON.  

---

On Pila's Peak  
Is laid to sleep  
    A mind whose very core  
Teemed full of strains  
Against all gains  
    Which has poured out its lore.

On Pila's Peak  
It will be bleak  
    For those who are left behind  
But they will know  
As we learn and grow  
    The good he did mankind.

On Pila's Peak  
He will always speak  
    In the language dumb of the dead  
Not less he lives  
Not less he gives  
    Altho' the mountain be his bed.

December 30, 1894.

---

HOW STRANGE.

How strange it is that we should find  
Such peace in all this world of strife  
How strange it is that to our mind  
This is a beautiful glorious life.

How strange it is that peace should be  
Given to us unmeasured  
That it should be eternally  
The wish we had most treasured.

In all this struggling world oppressed  
By strife in untold ways  
The truth stands perfectly confessed  
Peace attends our days.

How strange it is that we have known  
Discord's destroying power  
Known what it was to be alone  
Known to almost cower.

Beneath the scorn of malicious thought  
'Neath envy's withering breath  
It was the trial harsh that brought  
Almost the wish for death.

How strange—we know not why  
We go through misery's woe  
'Tis only when our tears are dry  
That unseen strength we know.

How strange that it should be this life  
To know such Peace at last  
How strange the change mid all the strife  
How strange our lives are cast.

July 16, 1894.



### WILL SUMMER SUN SHINE BRIGHT AGAIN?

---

Will summer sun shine bright again?

Ah—no—no.

The spring to woo the dreary cold would fain

I know—I know.

When the heart to love is dead

The warmest sun may shed

Where loving hearts have led

Its rays—I know—I know.

Will life mean anything again

Ah—no—no.

My soul is weighted down with pain

I know—I know—

But behind the clouds so dark

With their heavy thundrous mark

The brilliant sun shines—hark

It's light—I know—I know.

March 6, 1890.

O, EVER SPREADING BLESSED  
LIGHT.

---

O, ever spreading Blessed Light,  
Whence comes thy radiant rays  
Filling space with so much might  
Lighting all our days.

Oh, ever spreading Blessed Light  
From God's own hands benign  
Had we not thee as almost our right  
Our fate we might resign.

Oh, ever spreading Blessed Light  
Encompassing all the earth  
From out our souls we have the sight  
To bless thee at our birth.

January 4, 1895.

I am studying and wondering  
And very deeply pondering  
On the mysteriousness of Life, Love and  
Death,  
And silently am thinking  
In meditation sinking  
Dreaming of the form of this life's breath.

---

PROGRESSION.

We cannot stay this wondrous tide  
Of progression's steadfast stride.  
Wavering darts like lightning's flash  
Heaving shocks like thunders crash  
Mighty rents as earthquake's gap  
Tracing o'er the earth's vast map.  
Then again with peaceful psalm  
Spreads a benediction calm  
Over parts of history's life  
Days of peace and days of strife

Elsewhere than upon this plain  
Evolutes progression's train  
All that's life beneath the sea  
Teeming molecules earnestly,  
Pushing forth with best endeavor  
To their perfect end and never  
Wavering in their unseen force  
To their true directed course  
Beneath unfathomed ocean's depths  
Works the law in unknown crepts.

The atomic forces of the air  
Breathe of knowledge everywhere  
Followers of mystic lore  
Quickly come to this and more  
See in everything the cause  
Never for one moment pause.  
Knowing that progressive thought  
With gold of earth cannot be bought  
Progression's act of the future may  
Perhaps be progression's thought to-day.

June 25, 1895.

What care I for form or address  
When my soul is steeped in sadness  
Life holds out for me no gladness  
For my heart is almost dead.  
All my life I've gladly given  
All the good in me and striven  
But have had deep misery riven  
In my soul and tired head  
Perhaps we never should complain  
But how can we dull remain  
To the truths which lives contain  
Ah! that I were dead.

July 15, 1894.



THE POPPY.  

---

Rich and rare thou scarlet beauty  
Thou speakest of the orient  
To love thee is our pleasant duty  
For thou I believe were heaven sent.

Tho' speakest of the eastern breath  
Divine with rich perfume  
Sweet exotic: no thought of death  
Around thy fragrant life consume.

Tho' brilliant, subtle, strong soul'd flower  
Of the dreamy orient tho' art a copy  
Sweet eastern essence is thy dower  
Intoxicating, passionate poppy.

July 6, 1894.

SONG.  

---

Sad is the heart I carry to-night  
Thinking love of thee  
My suffering soul in awful plight  
Is in deep misery.  
Thy face is engraven in my heart  
Fixed forever there  
And our spirits ne'er will part  
Love is so rare.

Life has much to make me glad  
Thinking love of thee  
Yet with all I am very sad  
You are away from me  
Shines the sun on sea and shore  
With a glowing ring  
My sad soul forever more  
To thine my love will cling.

July 20, 1895.

“INDIVIDUALITY.”

---

To live to please any one  
Is to part with your individuality  
Each life in its silent run  
Should be like a nationality.  
Battlements of firmest kind  
Built compact to stand,  
All the storms which it might find  
Throughout all the land.  
The truest life is lived outside  
Much of convention's form  
Free as the flowing tide  
Yet not like the storm.  
No fierce nor wild desires  
Should we e'er yield  
Wishing for no empires  
But our own field.  
Guard our own life so well  
With outlook so brave  
That a history we can tell  
This side of the grave.  
Never—never—weakly live  
All your life long  
Stand up and firmly give  
Forth something strong.  
Be not dictated by  
Every other mind,

Just start and only try  
Your own aim to find.  
You will find the path which leads  
On to your star  
As the shadow never heeds  
The light which shines afar.  
And be not trampled on  
By pretended friend or foe  
Mental battles easily won  
Is our deepest woe.  
But with eye fixed keen and kind  
Watch with earnest loving heart  
Live—that not the strongest mind  
With honor to yourself can part.

July 18, 1895.

“SOCRATES.”

---

Thou wonderful mind of untold depth  
Socrates—sage of the east  
Thy thoughts expand and wrap in their wealth—  
Struggling minds at least.

Thy mind encompass'd all that's known  
In the universe and man  
Can thank thee when his mind's outgrown  
Smallness as a ban.

Depth of thought was as clear to thee  
As the water's glassy face  
Reflection of thy soul is to me  
The greatest of the race.

Thy name O! Socrates has in its wake  
Millions of men of mind  
Thy name O! Socrates will ever make  
Better all mankind.

December 29, 1894.

---

"JE VOUS AIME."

How sweet the words their tender meaning  
As sunshine on the dark earth streaming  
To all the world they are condoling  
To every heart, Ah! how consoling  
Je vous Aime! Je vous Aime!

Rank and pomp are laid aside  
Drifting with the flowing tide  
And the highest peak of fame  
Without love is any empty name  
Je vous Aime! Je vous Aime!

In those words we find our heaven  
'Tis the sacred number seven  
Without which nothing is complete  
Deep in our heart's retreat.  
Je vous Aime! Je vous Aime.

May 10, 1895.

---

APRIL.

Blossoms forth in April's chill  
White violets pure and sweet  
Small green leaves whose strong life fill  
Our hearts with hope and greet  
Our heavy minds of winter days  
Tired, oppressed and sad  
With tidings of eternal rays  
All the earth seems glad.

TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.  

---

Born to the pillar, whip and chains  
Born in the pen of slavery's pains  
Bound and tied, mind and hand  
At your time 'twas thus thro' out the land  
Surround'd by mid scenes, which made your heart  
Shrink and quiver with anguish smart  
Cow'd and mained thro' many years  
With silent hopes and burning tears  
The burdens of your race you felt.  
In misery deep you faithfully knelt  
By their side and thro' your light  
Made for them a pathway bright.

You were the Christ of your dark race  
How many will think of your noble face  
Until their lives shall pass away  
Into the land where all is day.  
You understood your life work well  
The good of it all the world can tell  
Out from the pillar, whip and chains  
They could only bind in material gains.  
The soaring spirit could not be bound  
Nor tied, or beaten or even ground.  
Thy spirit broke thro' all the lines  
Strong and bright as the sun that shines.

March 4, 1895.

---

"LIFE."

Our lives are of no more account  
Than wind-swept leaf from off the trees.  
One million lives no more amount  
Than breaker's foam on stormy seas.

And yet we count the little span  
Limited with early joy  
The end of all, while man  
Is nothing but an aimless toy.

We only grasp, but never keep,  
That which life holds out as best.  
Life is a dream whose deepest sleep  
Is our ever welcome guest.

And so the seas and winds and leaves  
Sing their requiem o'er the dead.  
Of ages past man only grieves  
In his dumb unknowing tread.

May 19, 1895.



## WHY IS THE SOUL OFTIMES SO SAD?

---

Why is the soul oftentimes so sad?  
Yearning—defiant—almost mad  
An undefined craving smites the heart  
In which gladness has no part.

Silent, sad, deep meditation  
Casts a shadow, whose relation  
Like a cloud heavy and dark  
Leaves a dense trail as a mark.

Our lives pass on like clouds indeed  
Light and dark we surely need  
To understand each passing hour  
Not to flinch or falsely cower.

From the dark as with the light  
Let it be an equal fight  
Bravely face the darkest day  
As the one which has the brightest ray.

March 10, 1895.

THE DRIZZLING, DRIPPING RAIN.

---

The drizzling, dripping rain  
Beats againt my window pane  
Gloom and sadness fill the air  
Heavy hearts are every where.

Looking on a chilly street  
From my casement window, meet  
Every form of active life  
No quiet ease, but awful strife.

Drizzling, dripping is the rain  
Cooling now my tired brain  
Brings a mellow, saddening rest—  
Rainy days are sometimes best.

Slowly falls the drops of rain  
Brings a quiet which is gain  
An unseen hour of happiness  
Bordering on eternal bliss.

Let the drizzling, dripping rain  
Sing a soothing, sweet refrain  
Let the drizzling, dripping rain  
Calm the hearts of heavy pain.

April 6, 1895.

## I LONG TO HEAR THE ORGAN PEAL.

---

I long to hear the organ peal  
As Christmas time draws near  
I long to with the others kneel  
To the prayer that is so dear.

I long to dream with the music strain  
Of the Christ born on that day,  
Of the trials deep and the heavy pain  
Passed thro' on his lonely way.

I long to hear the organ peal  
Out the strains so grand yet sad  
From out the melody I will feel  
Patience love—yet glad.

I long to hear the organ peal  
Out to hearts who can  
Understand the heavenly seal,  
"Peace on earth to man."

December 25, 1894.

ALL ALONE.  

---

All alone the sad soul wanders  
Thro' this weary world of woe  
On the thought the spirit ponders  
Which the better way to go.

Better take the gilded roadway  
Strewn with roses and with thorns,  
Or to trod the narrow pathway  
Soothe the sad soul as it mourns.

All alone the sad soul struggles  
All alone the sad soul strays  
All alone in all its troubles  
All alone in all its ways.

All alone without one kind word  
To cheer the soul, unknown—unknown  
All alone it walks unheard  
To the end—alone—alone.

June 25, 1894.

**MAGDALENE.**

---

Pleading eyes  
Pathetic face  
    Craving pity and love.  
Forgive! O Lord;  
Is the cry that goes  
    Up to the Father above.

My life, Oh Lord!  
Had many woes  
    Had many strong temptations  
But thy sweet face  
Shines out to me  
    In all my contemplations.

Forgiving mercy  
Is the boom  
    That all sinners crave  
Then let us all  
In Jesus name  
    Forgive—if we would save.

June 1, 1894.

HE WHO SAYS THERE IS NO GOD.

---

He who says there is no God  
Has yet to see the flowers bloom  
He who says, there is no God  
His life will pass in deepest gloom.

He who feels no God divine  
Never feels the inner peace  
For him the sun will never shine  
For him the struggles never cease.

He who knows no spirit life  
His senses are encumbered  
With the element of strife  
And his peaceful days are numbered.

He who says there is no God  
With nature has no union.  
He who says there is no God  
Has not reached divine communion.

August 7, 1894.

INDEPENDENCE.  

---

Independence should mean to man  
Freedom of thought and act, and can  
Man be free surround by strife  
Poverty—misery—and wretched life  
With chance to live and learn and soar  
Snatched from out his heart's core  
Taken from his very clasp  
Which he vainly tries to grasp  
Working up to which should be  
His birthright to eternity.

Independence is but a dream  
We know it only as a screen  
Thro' which myriads of broken lives  
Weakly follow and vainly strives  
To reach and thinking to retain  
Count not the loss, see but the gain  
'Tis as far away to-day from man  
As it was when first the world began.  
As the "will o' the wisp" whose ghostly light  
Leads on and on thro' greater fight.

ALONE.  

---

Alone! alone! will it always last  
Will it always be the unhappy past  
Will never the sun shine bright for me  
Shall I quiet happiness never see?

Will there never be any love for me?  
Will painful memories ne'er be free?  
Will misunderstanding's wily chance  
Forever rule all circumstance?

Alone! alone! will it always be?  
No end to the darkness can I see  
Oh, God, that I might come to thee  
Alone! alone! at last be free.

July 9th, 1894.



## SUMMER'S LOVELY SEASON.

---

In the summer's lovely season  
There is not the slightest reason  
Why we should act with treason  
Toward ourselves in any way.

We are always in a fluster  
Not content unless we cluster  
Not strength enough to muster  
Courage which would make us gay.

Groan of heat enough to madden  
Talk of heat enough to sadden  
Talk of nothing that will gladden  
Any body miles around.

Never take a spell of resting  
But forever vain requesting  
Never think of lightly jesting  
Making misery company.

Why not face it with decision  
Adding just the least percision  
We would not then bring derision  
On our weakly humbled heads.

July 9, 1894.

## TIRED SPIRIT.

Tired spirit! fagged and worn  
With life's heavy cares  
The weary burden thou hast borne  
Ends not e'en with thy prayers.

Forever striving against fate  
With hope dulled in thy breast  
Wishing before it is too late  
That thou mayst find some rest.

Some rest whilst on this earth  
Some sunshine here  
Dark it has been since thy birth  
No fight was near.

Wishing in vain for peace and love  
Wishing in vain request  
Tired spirit alone—above  
Thou canst only rest.

June 15, 1894.

THE CONCERT HALL SINGER.  

---

In a concert hall on Saturday night  
Where right was wrong and all wrong right  
A girl came out to sing her part  
You might not have thought she had a heart.

By the tawdry trappings that she wore  
You noticed the moment you entered the door  
But her face was wan and thin and pale  
Her form delicate, pinched and frail.

She sang her part in a heartless way  
The men who listened had their say  
As to her voice and spirit and song  
They jested and laughed at her all night long.

She sang her song with an aching heart  
And a voice that would make you start  
And feel as if somewhere in your mind  
She was near you in kin or kind.

Why was it she looked so sad  
Because at home there lay half mad  
He, who she had loved more than her life  
Sighing for life with a fearful strife.

She was deaf to the jests and jeers of those  
Who laughed and listened then half chose  
To throw a glance or two at her scanty dress  
They threw on her heart only more distress.

O God! that a soul should come to this.  
Without a ray of happiness  
The little she earned in that slavish night  
Was buying bread with which to fight—

The wolf of hunger at the door  
Of the sick on the bare floor  
O why can not the eye of man  
Descern the false and not condemn—

The unfortunate poor in their suffering wild  
Sad and weak yet very mild.  
God pity her! he alone can save  
Man will help her to the grave.

By his vulgar appetite  
Like a beast in his very might  
Pity at least should sometimes fall  
On the singing girl in a Concert Hall.

January 14, 1895.

TRIALS.  

---

Passing thro' life's sterner moments  
Pave the way for future calm  
When the pathway's thickest torments  
Bruise us, they are but the after balm.

When life sorrow's presses the hardest  
It is drawing out the gold  
When heaven seems the very farthest  
Wisdom's flowing in the mould.

Passing thro' life's many trials  
Brings out the better part of all  
Passing on without denials  
Would not necessitate our call.

Into the land where there's no cloud  
To mar the heart so tired of strife  
No sorrows to make us cry aloud  
Into the land where rest is life.

December 29, 1894.

REST OF SONG.

Happy and free  
 Are those we see  
     That can soar away in the realm of song.  
 Light as air  
 Away from care  
     Dropping the burden all day long.

Happy and gay  
 Indeed are they  
     Who forget the world in that realm of bliss.  
 Away in song  
 Resting among  
     Those who know sweet happiness.

Happy and light  
 Day and night  
     Away in the restful vale of song  
 Forgetting all sorrow  
 No thought of to-morrow  
     Alone, away from the hurrying throng.

December 27, 1894.

## WHY DOES YOUR FACE HAUNT ME SO?

---

Why does your face haunt me so  
 With thousands of thoughts that come and go  
     Thro' my brain  
     Like a train  
 Of myriads of untold things?

Why does your face speak to me  
 Of a southern home which I seem to see  
     Surround' by friends  
     Whose kind love lends  
 A charm to my inmost mind?

Why does your face bring before my eyes  
 Pictures of people fine and wise  
     Calm and content  
     Sweetly intent  
 And a quieting southern clime?

What does your face bring to my mind?  
 A nature lofty, proud and kind  
     Gracious and free  
     Broad as the sea  
 Yet love beaming brightly thro.

Why does your face haunt me so  
 Because I seem to feel and know  
     Your inner soul  
     E'en to the goal  
 Of all your spirits' knowledge.

December 23, 1894.

---

"CRIED THE CROW."

There's a shadow on my soul  
Cried the crow  
Cried the crow  
And I am black as coal  
Cried the crow  
Ah! what would I not give  
If a white bird I could live  
Cried the crow  
Cried the crow  
Cried the crow.

And I hate this beak of mine  
Croaked the crow  
Croaked the crow  
It might have been more fine  
Croaked the crow  
And this ungainly walk  
Tis' no better than a stalk  
Croaked the crow  
Croaked the crow  
Croaked the crow.

And my feathers are a sight  
Cried the crow  
Cried the crow  
I'm in an awful plight  
Cried the crow  
I will never have renown  
For the world is upside down  
Cried the crow  
Cried the crow  
Cried the crow.

July 14, 1895.



AN EMPTY NEST.  

---

An empty little chippy's nest  
Neglected on the ground  
Wet and ragged at its best  
Was the condition it was found.

Traces of work and love and care  
Thoughts and careful plans  
Built compact with hay and hair  
Heeding well the storm's commands.

That little empty chippy's nest  
Speaks volumes to us all  
So it will be when we rest  
When we receive our call.

All we leave behind us here  
Will be like the chippy's nest  
Traces only and a tear  
And not that without request.

All our work and futile care  
Empty and upon the ground  
Only for the immortal rare  
Will the empty nest be found.

July 1st, 1894.

SILENCE.  

---

Silence is sacred

When we learn what silence means

When we know that silence screens

The soul of mortal.

Silence is sacred

In the deep solitude of night

Then is nature in its might

Of eternal sleepless work.

Silence is sacred

The soul's deep eloquence of love

Understands it from above

By divine communion.

Silence is sacred

By silence our life is worked out best

Bringing no nearer to mysteries rest

Eternity is silence.

June 20, 1894.

SCORN.

---

The finger of scorn is pointed at me  
Whether on land or on sea  
The whole world seems to have turned to gloom  
The flower of my life that might have had bloom.

I am like an outcast, alone I stand  
I feel within me I am on the strand  
Between a gulf so black and deep  
And a rift of light I would ask to keep.

The gulf so black and deep and sere  
Is the world with its sin and no place clear  
The rift of light which smiles at me  
Is the heaven beyond which I seem to see.

So I pray that the dark will soon pass away  
That I may see the shining day  
Where scorn and its accompanying death deal-  
ing sting  
Will forever fail in my heart to ring.

January 20, 1895.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.  

---

Oh! the music of the spheres  
Charm our heart soothe our fears  
As we listen to the wind  
Oft it whispers to our mind.  
And around our hearts entwine  
Untold harmony devine.

Oh! the music of the spheres  
To our utmost soul endears  
All that grows and blossoms sweet  
To our intense nature's greet  
All that's loving, mild and calm  
Like unto eternal balm.

Oh! the music of the spheres  
The spirit only hears  
And its rapturous element  
Silent in its deep intent  
Godlike in the darkest day,  
Godlike in its every ray.

March 6, 1895.

WHEN THE DEAD LEAVES FALL.  

---

When the dead leaves fall  
When the dead leaves fall  
Bringing visions of nearing death's stern recall  
Myriads of leaves, like myriads of lives  
Whirling and turning, and rebelliously strives  
Against the fate which sweeps them all  
As the dead leaves fall  
As the dead leaves fall.

As the dead leaves fall  
As the dead leaves fall  
A grant leaf sinks to its sepulchral hall  
Like a great soul gone out into the night  
Alone yet noble was the sudden plight  
Lives and leaves die—great and small  
As the dead leaves fall  
As the dead leaves fall.

As the dead leaves fall  
As the dead leaves fall  
How soothing will be our summons or call  
From whirling tempests cold and bleak  
Storms of the world which we never seek  
Into the rest land waiting for all  
As the dead leaves fall  
As the dead leaves fall.

October 12, 1895.

---

AT LAST.

At last, dear hearts after all these years  
After vain regrets and bitter tears,  
After broken hearts and wounds whose sears  
We thought would always last.

At last, dear heart me meet again,  
No traces of the past remain  
Of the lonely years and the sad refrain  
Which our love had cast on our lives.

At last, dear heart the sun doth shine  
At last, no cause that we repine,  
Our love still blooms as a thing divine.  
At last, dear heart, at last.

At last, dear heart we have met to love  
Broken we've been like the lonely dove.  
I love you dear, as he above,  
At last, dear heart—at last.

July 30, 1894.

RIGHTS OF MAN.

---

By Right of Nature, man should have a life  
Which Nature never intended should be strife  
A life where intellectual thought should be  
First as the growth of a young tree.

All branches which are knowledge, should be  
cared  
And carefully guarded and not roughly bared  
The struggles with which man's life is surround'  
Is the element which drags man to the ground.

The mind of man can never scale the heights  
Of knowledge, which by nature are his rights  
Until oppression has been laid aside  
Only then can Peace indeed abide.

'Twas never meant that man should starve the  
mind

In order that the few might better grind  
The intelligence that should be man's alone  
To battle with, and he would never moan.

The "Rights of man" should be that he should  
live

In Nature's Peace that he might faithfully give  
Full scope to his intelligence to play  
The "Rights of Man" mean having "Peaceful  
Day."

December 1, 1894.

## INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 146.)

---

Man cannot perfect man made laws  
Nor perfect the lines in justice cause  
Until the element of strife  
Is wiped forever from out his life  
The struggles sink on man like a cloud  
From which his soul cries out aloud  
In rebellion strong and stern  
The bitter lesson he yet must learn  
That true independence has not been taught  
Its meaning is to him as naught.

Independence means to us nothing as yet  
The truth of the word we can only get  
By looking into the future's glass  
Perchance when hundreds of years shall pass  
The mind of man shall climb to the heights  
Of unlimited intelligence which are his rights.  
The laws will not bind him body or soul  
'Twill be for him to reach the goal  
Of knowledge—and then alone  
The truth of independence will be known.

March 4, 1895.



AUTUMN.  

---

The first touch of Autumn is falling on the hills  
All along the forests and very near the rills.  
The first blue haze of Indian summer time  
Touches all the woodland in almost perfect  
rhyme.

The first tinge of yellow is falling on the trees  
The balmy air of Autumn you can feel in every  
breeze  
The dry sweet air that hovers o'er the dale  
Autumn's warning note over hill and vale.

'Tis sad to part with summer's ripe sweets  
And yet how lovingly the Autumn winds it greets  
We could learn a lesson as the summer disappears  
To greet our coming Autumn with smiles instead  
of tears.

To greet our own life's Autumn as the summer  
greeted the fall—  
With quietude and broad expanse of untold love  
toward all  
Greet it as the summer skies greet the purple  
hue  
Greet it as the summer's eve greets the Tyrean  
blue.

August 7, 1894.

---

ALONE.

Alone! alone, the sad soul sighing  
Faith in human hearts is dying  
For love the soul is ever crying  
Alone! alone; the sad soul sighing.

Alone! alone; the sad soul weeping  
Nearer the end we know is creeping  
Love and happiness ever sleeping  
Alone! alone! the sad soul weeping.

Alone! alone! the sad soul dying  
Altho' surround' by friends untiring  
No love in all its life transpiring  
Alone! alone! the sad soul dying.

June 26, 1894.

---

DEAR OLD HOME.

Nowhere in this world is the sky so near  
Nowhere in this world are the stars so clear  
Nowhere in this world is life so dear  
As my dear old country home upon the hill.

Nowhere in this world is loves echo so sweet  
Nowhere in this world do I love's echo greet  
Nowhere in this world do I Nature's grandeur  
meet  
As my dear old country home upon the hill.

January 25, 1896.

DEAD LEAVES.  

---

One by one the dead leaves dropping, dropping  
sadly on the ground,

One by one our lives are numbered, numbered  
that we may be found

After our pilgrimage of life, as the leaf has its  
time

So our future lives will be found in perfect  
rhyme.

One by one the dead leaves dropping, dropping  
from their noble height,

One by one man's life is ended, ended as a  
shadowy myth.

Man and leaf there's not much difference in the  
element of life

Man and leaf when all is o'er returns forever  
away from strife.

September 10, 1894.

THE CHURCH BELLS IN THE  
VALLEY.

---

The bells in the valley church are ringing, ringing  
The birds in the valley are singing, singing,  
Nature in the valley is bringing, bringing  
Love unto the weary hearts of man.

The stream by the valley church is flowing,  
    flowing,  
The wild flowers in the valley are growing,  
    growing,  
The quiet haunts of nature knowing, knowing,  
More peace than greatest wealth untold can give.

The people in the valley are living, living,  
Quietly away from strife and giving, giving,  
Charity of thought to all and bidding, bidding  
Love and peace to all their fellow men.

The church bells in the valley are pealing, pealing  
The worshippers in the valley church are kneel-  
    ing, kneeling,  
With the people in the valley, God is dealing,  
    dealing,  
Love and peace and quiet unto all.

June 23, 1894.

TIRED SOUL.  

---

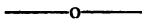
The soul grows so tired of this strife all along  
Would it not be better if we were among  
Those who are free from life and care  
Without the need of toil or care,  
Unchained from what we term as earth,  
Perhaps 'twere better had we no birth.

The soul grows so tired of this world's weary  
ways  
Would it not be as well if the end of our days  
Had arrived and we as the bird on the wing  
Would forever soar and forever sing,  
Unfettered from all that chains us here  
Soaring aloft where all must be clear.

The soul grows so tired of its bondage so sad  
At times it seems it almost makes us mad  
Hounded on by cares that are so galling  
Hounded on by sorrows so appalling.  
The bright side of life soon looses all its charm  
And all that is left is all that is harm.

The soul grows so tired of all of life's pleasure  
Nothing it yields is to us any treasure  
Quiet meditation is all that is balm  
Back into nature is where we find calm  
All fame or fortune's path is disappointments day  
Only after life is o'er comes the bright ray.

January 19, 1895.



### MY SOUL THOU ART (Song).



My soul thou art, of me my love a part.  
I love thee dear with all my heart  
My love for thee is divine  
All earthly things I would resign.

#### CHORUS.

My soul thou art! I love thee dear  
I feel thy sweet presence near  
I feel thee love, so near my heart  
My soul thou art! my soul thou art.  
My soul thou art, I love but thee  
I know your face I'll sometime see  
My love for thee will never die  
My soul thou art, that is my cry.

September 2, 1894.

NOTHING BETWEEN US NOW  
DEAR BUT REGRET.

---

Nothing between us now, dear but regret,  
All the anger past since last we met,  
Nothing but fond love remains at last  
Harsh thoughts of hot youth are of the past.  
One kind thought from thee is life to me  
Tho' your face I never more may see.

Nothing between us now dear heart, but regret  
Wishing the fates had willed, that we had met  
And loved and joined our hearts when young  
That we might have pass'd our life among  
Scenes that love alone beget—  
Nothing between us now dear heart, but regret.

May 7, 1894.

Silently grieving Oh! how the hearts ache  
Silently grieving Oh! how the hearts break.  
Dumb and mournful with mute resignation  
From earthly sorrow there's no emancipation.

WHY! WHEN THE MOON'S RAYS  
SHINE.

---

Why! when the moon shines on our faces  
Are we lifted away from the world, with scarce  
traces  
Of thought on this immediate plain.  
Dreamy and happy wishing again  
To be transported to the realms around  
The cloud land of ether which seem to bound  
Our vision, but sometime we seem to see  
Away into almost eternity.

Why, when the moon shines in our eyes  
We almost feel inwardly wise  
Surmounting all difficult logic and science  
Happily contemplating with self reliance,  
On the world beyond the moonlit trail  
As if we could pierce beyond the veil  
With its imperial starlit skies  
When the moon's rays shine in our eyes.

December 29, 1894.



THE WOUNDED HEART.  

---

I have carried a wounded heart these many years  
Covered with hardened marks whose very sears  
Have burned into my life  
Deep misery and strife  
But the touch of Love has made it new again.

I have carried a wounded heart whose breaking  
strings  
Seemed the echo of deep sadness in all things  
Human power could not reach  
Nor deep experience teach  
Yet the touch of Love has made it new again.

September 10, 1894.

The sky hangs low in mists of gray  
The tall trees bend and nod and sway  
To and fro the branches swaying  
The elements with the earth is playing  
Sweeps the rain in blinding sheets  
The rainy day my sad heart greets.

THE FALSENESS OF FORM.

---

The falseness of form in civilization,  
Is so far from nature's quiet mediation  
The mind is upset by so much elation  
We cannot do the work that we should do.

We should not be pitched to such a steep grad-  
ation  
Our lives should be passed in a quiet station,  
But for heavy strife, we are a noted nation  
And we're bound to worship at the shrine of  
form.

Although we understand its all exaction  
For our lives we cannot make the least retraction  
We are not content without a strong attraction  
We are still the temple worshippers of Form.

If we would but follow Nature's sweet relation  
With our lives in its minutest explanation  
We would find success with the greater exhalta-  
tion  
And be happy in our freedom, without Form.

June 15, 1894.

## A WILD ROSE ON A "LA FRANCE."

---

A wild rose grew on a "La France" bush  
In spite of all arts beguiling  
It would not comply with the world's wild rush  
Towards cultivation's snare so smiling.

It would take you back to primitive thought  
Although you would resist untiring  
No matter how the knowledge was bought  
You could not resist aspiring.

The thought remains that the cultivator's art  
Must always remain very trying  
That Nature and the cultivator would very easily  
part  
Long before the rose thought of dying.

July 5, 1894.

---

THE BROKEN DOWN RACE.

---

There is a race of people upon this earth  
Which we never hear of with any mirth

The broken down race

The broken down race

'Tis comprised of people of every degree  
High and low, and sad to see.

The broken down race

The broken down race.

Men and women who were rich and great

Men and women whose names elate

The broken down race

The broken down race

Broken in love, and broken in art

Broken ambition entire and in part.

The broken down race

The broken down race

Broken in body, broken in mind

No peace on earth for them to find

The broken down race

The broken down race

May Heaven's gates swing wide apart

And pour sweet balm on their quivering heart

The broken down race

The broken down race.

October 12, 1895.

LEARN TO BE PEACEFUL.  

---

Learn to be peaceful, calm and serene  
Learn to be true and brave.  
The wildest storms of life redeem  
Their sorrows, even the grave.

Learn to be peaceful, whatever befalls  
Thy lot along life's highway  
Peace is the power which ever recalls  
The angle of light we call day.

Learn to be peaceful, learn to be calm  
Learn to be true and brave.  
'Tis the only thing on earth which is balm.  
'Twill lead us beyond the grave.

October 17, 1895.

---

What in thoughtless youth we scorn  
We yearn for in our dotage  
When we are most forlorn  
Of love and hope and courage

The springtime ever full of cheer  
Brightest dreams and strength  
Carelessly we cast all fear  
To its utmost length.

Thus our lives pass to the shades  
Knowing not our mission here  
Like the sunset as it fades  
Behind the clouds where all is clear.

WHEN LOVE WAS MINE.

I was rich when love was mine  
 Now Ah! poor, for love has fled  
 I cannot cheerfully resign  
 To live when love is dead.

The earth and sky—when love was mine  
 Was tints of azure hue  
 For those soft colors, now I pine  
 So blending warm they grew.

All life was joy—when love was mine  
 Now joy for me is dead.  
 To the dreary night, I now consign  
 My life—for love has fled.

October 17, 1895.

IN YOUTH.

The drear, drear days pass slowly by  
 I watch, and wait, and vainly sigh,  
 For thy look, thy step—thy clasp.  
 Through the shadows, I cannot clasp,  
 The meaning of this empty heart.  
 Why willed the fates that we should part?  
 Last thought at night, and first at morn  
 From its misery deep is shorn  
 To think of thee and fondly kiss,  
 Ere in the dream of imagery were bliss.

Wert thou some soul from planet far  
 Which touched my soul with delicious jar?  
 And lifted me in transport keen  
 To joys of love unheard—unseen.  
 Oh! mighty power and awful sway  
 Of Love! perchance 'twere but a day  
 Better to have lived that day! alas  
 And die the next, than love should pass  
 Thee by unheeded, its mysteries save  
 Its strength of knowledge for thee beyond the  
 grave.

December 20, 1895.

—o—

## WHERE DO I WISH TO GO WHEN I SHALL DIE.

Where do I wish to go when I shall die  
 Where e'er the hand that sent me here shall  
 will  
 Not even now shall ask the reason why—  
 Nor when this throbbing, pulsing heart is still  
 If it be on some glorious planet far—  
 Where higher minds—than here shall lead  
 the way  
 If it be midst the angels where no jar  
 Ere breaks the heaven of most perfect day—  
 And yet—if in some distant clime  
 Upon this earth in most subjected form  
 I feel within my soul—some stirring rhyme  
 Shall make upon my heart an impress warm  
 And if in humblest work I may unmask  
 The meaning of this life—and understand  
 This! Oh this—is all I ask  
 That I may know the great command.

Where do I wish to go when I shall die?  
Where e'er the hand that sent me here shall  
will  
Nor would I ask to read the future sky  
Not even now—my aching heart to fill  
If it be in the heights where angels dwell  
With peaceful song of joy and praise and love  
If it be by the throne—ah—that is well  
One more soul added to the choir above  
But hark—if it be here again  
Upon this lowly plain of toil and care  
If through the misery and the pain  
I see thy hand—I'll not despair  
For I will know—thy silent voice  
Though shadowed dark or bright the day  
This then is my only choice  
That thou will guide my present way.

December 4.

—o—

## THE SACRED CAVE.

'Twas said—in ancient Greece—a sacred cave  
Whose portals guarded by the Aegean wave  
And all who entered its mysterious hall  
Were rendered melancholy—past recall.  
And those of years—wishing to wisdom seek  
Returned again—were never heard to speak.  
And those who entered in their youth and bloom  
The remainder of their days were spent in gloom  
The nation kept aloof from the dread place  
Whose history was well known to the Greek race  
The cave was known by Damala to be—  
Where the hills of Tyrus slope the sea.



Well versed—this Greek—in ancient lore—  
His keen dark eyes now scan the widening shore  
Before his view the calm sea lay  
Like a topaz field on a sunny day.  
Forward he pres'd to the towering hill  
Led along by his stern brave will—  
To wrest and combat if needs be  
The secrets the cavern held with glee  
From the beloved race of the gods  
Bowed they under their many rods.  
The fear of this cave was a hideous kind  
And the Greek Damala set out to find  
The wraith which made the cave by the sea  
A haunting terror—which he would free.  
Proud of his race was the stalwart Greek—  
Sturdy of limb—and face not meek  
But strong of line—and brave and bold  
Had been a slave—and as such was sold  
But slumb'ring 'neath the tyrant chain  
Whose cruel rule—now in the wane  
Had seered his soul with misery deep  
Was freedom's blood—which does not sleep.  
Determined not to win renown—  
For nature's smile and nature's frown  
To him were one, it moved him not  
If he be remembered—or be forgot  
Determined he—the cave must yield—  
Be his the conquering arm to shield  
The name of coward from his clan  
The Grecian hero proves the man.  
None e'er had dared to probe the cave  
To tell the world its secret—save  
The few who ever dumb remained  
The Greek will tell what it contained.  
On he journeyed toward the steep  
Behind him Athens wrapt in sleep—

Around the hill to the waters edge  
The cavern's gap—is the bold Greek's pledge  
One moment paused beside the sea  
His polished shield rests on his knee  
His spear grasped by the mighty arm  
His ear tuned to each new alarm  
His dark hair flowing in the wind  
The gentle sea breeze was most kind  
On his face poured a flood of light  
As the moon lit up the dark'ned night  
From behind dense clouds piled high  
In broken masses 'gainst the eastern sky.  
One moment thus the Greek slave stood  
In manhood's pride of youth and good  
Many before him—with rank and name  
Had searched the cave in quest of fame  
But they—alas—had ne'er the power  
To tell the tale of this present hour.  
One long last look Damala cast  
Upon loved Athens—'twas the last—  
Into the dark abyss—to seek  
What e'er it held—plunged the fearless Greek.

The passage way was dark and drear  
Tho' slave by force—no eringing fear  
Chilled the heart of Damala—  
A star apparent lights the way  
Of hope, his feet now tread  
O'er mounds and mounds of buried dead  
The echoes sound his mute footfall  
Throughout the winding cavern hall  
Like muffled waves whose heaving roar  
Breaks restless 'gainst the defiant shore.  
A hall abruptly breaks in view  
List, cries the Greek—can this be true  
Inhabited by such as these—

Such beauty 'neath the Aegean seas—  
Methought the gnomes and furies wild  
Would meet my eye but these are mild  
Fair children sported midst the green  
Of hanging vines from whence unseen  
Their blossoming tendrils slowly twined  
And bloomed for childish hands to find  
And clouds of azure make the sky  
Tints of pink and white piled high  
Distil a dew of aroma sweet  
Which upturned childish faces greet.  
Beneath their feet the soft moss grows  
In shading color and billowy rows  
Fragrant buds and waving ferns  
This is their home the Grecian learns.  
They gamble, happy, laugh and play  
They spy the Greek and flee away  
With look of fear upon their face  
And fade they now away in space.  
The astonished youth reclined awhile  
For he had journeyed many a mile  
And o'er his burning tired eyes  
Stole restful slumbers calm surprise.

One elfin bolder than the rest  
Tripped lightly from their hidden quest  
And peered into the sleepers face  
What we call sleep—found not a trace.  
The child said come, I'll lead the way  
The Greek obeyed—yet strange to say  
He felt himself obliged to yield  
Some strong obedience seemed to wield  
About his sense a magic power  
Grew stronger at each passing hour  
Where now his spear and warlike mein  
Beside his body plainly seen.

By troops of fairies in sportive play  
Garlands of flowers they twine and sway.  
About the sleeping Grecian's form  
To keep the sleeping Grecian warm.

Away through the darkest pass in the cave  
Where thunders above the Aegean wave  
The Greek and the child are passing along  
Following with care a quavering song.  
A grotto—ah, wondrous—appears now in view  
Massive, magnificent, of every known hue  
Pillars of marble support the blue dome  
On through the isles the Greek and child roam,  
Stalactites formed of sapphire blue  
And tinted opals peeping through  
Ropes of gold and silver twined  
Heavy turquoise columns bind.  
Diamonds, topaz, rubies red  
Make the walls there pearl-like bed  
Crusted knots of emeralds rare  
Hold green lights beyond compare  
And from an arch way a mellow glow  
Like pale amber upon white snow  
Throws a light which softly shines  
Upon the gems the cave confines.  
Where comes the song the Grecian cried  
In yonder cave the child replied.  
And gliding from the shadow slowly  
As like a knight the Greek bent lowly  
A maiden, radiant as the light  
Robed in web-like flowing white  
A pearly shell held her golden hair  
Back from a face of beauty rare  
Eyes of deepest heavenly blue  
Melt they now in darkest hue  
She wakens like one from a trance

And meets the bold Damala's glance.  
And shrinks she now and turns aside  
As if would fly toward the rumbling tide  
Haste not away—I beg thee stay—  
And I—not thou—shall go away  
Resume thy song—be not afraid  
This is thy home—the Grecian said.  
Whence comest thou—from you dark wave—  
What brings thee to this hidden cave  
With faltering step and timid eyes  
The maiden waited his replies.  
I come from Athens—spake the Greek  
Land of the gods—whose history's speak  
Round the very name of ancient Greece  
A glowing charm will never cease.  
Where facination is in her art  
And glory is her warrior's part  
The very air will weave a spell  
Still and weird and strange to tell  
The cities ruins ever hold  
Attraction for the traveler bold.  
Knowest thou Olympus—snow clad mount  
The gods live at its eternal fount  
Or vale of Tempe—delightful spot  
The maiden said—I know them not.  
I'll tell thee of my country more  
'Tis guarded by the Aegean shore  
In Arcadia's pastoral life  
There lives the Greek away from strife.  
And high on towering Mount Cyllene  
Was Mercury born and oftimes seen  
The tortoise shell he made to sing  
Whose powerful wand with quick'ned wing  
Conflicting elements reconciles  
Such is strong Caduces wiles  
And the sacred grove of calm Delphi

Hides with its shade the bright blue sky  
The smiling Penens flows along  
Through winding paths like a summer song  
And through Olympias vast broad plains  
Are treasured temples, costly fanes  
Across the sea is Cyprus isle  
Where Venus woke with love's first smile  
Thou art like she, radiant and fair  
And like her thou hast golden hair.  
Could I find to her the way  
The maiden questioned Damala  
Thou couldst not—twas in ages past  
The waves upon that island cast  
Fair Venus—beauteous as the day  
We sing to her the lovers lay.  
I'll tell thee now of Medea dark  
Old men made young by her magic mark  
Lived she in far away Colchis  
And many died from the poison'd kiss  
Of her sorcery and skill  
Aided by her cunning will,  
And of Apollo—bold and brave  
Born by yonder Delos wave  
And told that he was god of Love  
And the bright light shimmers from above  
Thou art like him the maiden cried  
I am a slave the Greek replied  
With trembling lip and lower'd voice  
Slave by force but not by choice  
Tell me then—what is a slave?  
One subject to another—said the brave  
Damala, and wert thou so  
Demean'd? I did not know  
But thou wert some great king  
So proud the tones in thy voice ring  
And thy bearing is so bold

Like the mighty gods of old.  
Thy world must be a beauteous place  
Art all like thee of thy proud race—  
Damala bent and grasped her hand  
There art none like thee in my native land  
Flushed his brow and softened eye  
In his heart a bursting sigh  
Through his veins the blood like fire  
Leap'd to the thought of his wild desire  
Was she mortal—this vision bright  
Or made of rays like the bright moonlight  
Her hand grew warm within the clasp  
Of the Grecian's tender grasp.  
And who art thou and why live here?  
I know it is not dark and drear  
But gold and pearls, these gems above  
Are nought to the sweet delights of love.  
Thou art my other self I know  
Said Damala now bending low  
And kissed the tress of her golden hair  
Which floated on her forehead fair.  
The long lids fell o'er the dark blue eyes  
She trembled from Damala's sighs  
Ah! Andea—call me—my home is this  
And sank in the embrace of Love's first kiss.  
Thou wilt come with me away from here  
I will take thee over the waters clear  
In my felucca sailing swift  
Over the blue Ionium rift  
And there upon an isle shall dwell  
And thou like aphrodite shall tell  
The story of this golden age  
Thy beauty e'en the gods would wage  
Lead thou the way, I'll follow thee  
Out on the land or over the sea  
Methought to never leave this cave

Nor pass the portals of yonder wave  
My gold and pearls, gems and shells  
And amber lights in these hidden dells  
Fill'd my heart with contentment deep  
Like a sweet and happy sleep.  
But when thou came and I heard thee speak  
I knew thou art the one I seek  
In dreamy nights I saw thy face  
Close to mine own with winning grace  
The maiden now this tale confes't  
As the Grecian clasp'd her to his breast.  
Come now away in love tones mild  
But in his pathway stood the child  
Who said—I'll lead another way—  
Ah no—the maiden—she must stay  
A wailing moan Andea gave  
Then here—alas—shall be my grave  
Damala gasped—can this be true  
Methinks I will not follow you  
But with Andea here remain  
And live to the end in a sweet refrain  
But ah! all Athens must hear this tale  
I'll come back for thee—thou'lt not bewail  
Thou canst not come back—the elfin spake  
Not come back e'en for loves sweet sake  
Shalt thou go on and I stay here?  
O, woe to me—this cave is drear  
I've waited for thee years and years  
And finding thee shed my first tears  
O, woe to me—when joy is found  
'Tis lost like the echo of a sound  
I cannot live if thou must go  
Moaned Andea, soft and low  
My love—my love—is the Greek's hoarse cry  
As he saw the radiant maiden die.  
Mute and still in her white array  
Cold as the marble on which she lay.



Damala staggered toward the child  
Lead thou me on in accent wild  
Oh destiny—thy harsh decree  
Is an inner glimpse of eternity.  
On and on the elfin weak  
Is blindly followed by the Greek—  
They enter now a darken'd cell  
'Tis like where Pluto—King of Hell—  
Doth live and thrive and breed dismay  
Cried the wretched Damala.  
Bleak and grey and grim the walls  
Like chis'led blocks in prisoned halls  
No ray of light nor twig or vine  
Is visible in the dark incline.  
A fetid stench of heavy air  
Rushed with a blast upon the pair  
Who could live here the Grecian cried  
I—a croaking voice replied.  
From the farthest corner in the cell  
Shambled a being, whose grey locks fell  
In matted plaits about his head  
And looked like one who had long been dead.  
Except the eyes, one long fierce look  
He gave the Greek—his hand now shook  
And slowly grasped his withered staff  
And uttered forth a fiendish laugh  
And turned from Damala away  
List, the Grecian cried—I pray  
The secrets of this cavern low  
All the world of Greece must know  
Knowest thou Athens? its balmy clime  
'Twas once my home—before thy time.  
Well know I Sparta, queen of the sea  
My native home was fair Thessaly.  
And Marathon I ne'er forget  
Where the Greek and Persian met.

Nor mount Sipylus where the stone  
Niobe will ever weep and moan.  
Well know I all the land and sea,  
Of Grecian fame in history.  
Ah! joy was mine in that golden age  
Which now is but a written page.  
In pitying tones—what brought thee here  
Damala asked—'tis bleak and drear  
Aye—drear indeed—time alone  
Brought me thus—I make no moan  
Lethe's blessed stream is past  
On night black styx—my bark is fast  
Eumenides\* my comrades are  
There howling echoes near and far.  
Come back to Athens midst thy kin  
Some joys of life thou'lt surely win  
Thou still lovest man the Grecian said  
The old man shook his whiten'd head  
Ah, no! Humanity thou wolf of cringing mein  
Snapping—snarling—foaming—plainly seen  
Tearing all within thy claw  
And voracious ugly paw  
Vomiting forth thy wrath and hate  
A slimy track is thy past fate.  
The best man's curse is left behind  
In the mean thoughts of his mind  
Not expres't perhaps in action  
Which we know is the least faction—  
Oh, man—thou knowest least of all  
Why thy birth—thy life—thy fall  
Thou art in thy low travail  
The embryo shrouded with the veil  
Covered with pestilential slime  
In every day of thy earthly clime.  
E'en love of man is most part hate

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\* Eumenides—Furies.

And friendship is a visioned weight  
The tie which binds man to the earth  
Is forced upon him from his birth  
Slave in body—slave in mind—  
Aye and the soul has its bitter grind  
Life has yielded nought to me  
But desolate hope and misery.  
What say I then—to live is well  
Alas to that—ah—none can tell.

His parched face toward the wall he turned  
His eyes alone now gleamed and burned.  
Depart from here—he seemed to speak  
The words had reached the list'ning Greek  
Who slowly turned to find his way  
Back to the heavenly light of day.  
With drooping eye and dejected mein  
This was the last he was to glean  
Back led the child to the bower of flowers  
In the sacred cave—after many hours.  
Through the winding dark'ned halls  
And low ceiling cavern'd walls.  
The fairy bower was reached at last  
What spell upon the Grecian cast  
Its mantle black as darkest night  
The flowers were there and so the light  
But all was gloom—the fragrance sweet  
Where the buds and green vines meet  
Which made the dancing fairies glad  
Made the Grecian hero sad,  
And close his eyes that he might forget  
The scenes his tired vision met.  
Depart from here—the child now spoke  
And hearing this—the Greek awoke.  
Thou hast lingered here so very long  
We thought thee dead—and with our song

Endeavor'd well to waken thee  
Go thou to Athens by the sea  
And take this tablet with thee—so  
Upon thy breast—and they will know  
That thou hast learned the secret well  
The sacred cavern had to tell.

Damala crept back from the cave  
Out to the Aegean's dark blue wave  
Horror—horror—he is old and bent  
Gasping and withered—his strength is spent  
He gropes his way to mount the hill  
I love thee Athens—love thee still  
Could I but rest on thee my eye  
Gladly would I yield and die  
One more vain effort—one panting breath  
Andea—Athens—'tis death—'tis death—  
One choking utter hopeless cry  
Alas—that Damala should die.  
They found him by the Tyrus hill  
Lying there so cold and still  
With this tablet on his breast  
And Athens laid the Greek to rest.

January 3, 1897.

TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

---

Born in an attic: in Paris gay  
The child first saw the light of day.  
Began his life 'midst poverty's cries  
Who in all this world so wise—  
But would predict a groveling fate  
For the babe born almost of hate.  
And I maintain that between the two  
Love and hate: there is but few  
Degrees of difference or space  
'Twas always thus thro'ut the race.  
Some bred in love are born in hate  
The wheel of time will compensate  
The divergence which love brings  
Thro' the universe this law rings.  
We cannot stray far from the path  
Of evenness: without the wrath  
Of extremes: upon our soul  
Falling—and on the whole  
The one who steers his bark so clear  
Of hinderance in love, is near  
The highest peace of mind attained  
Altho' true love is ever famed  
It is the crushing force of all  
And leaves the mind without recall  
Trampled—prisoned—cramped and bound  
With visible chains to a clod of ground  
The misery's of its sway attest  
Its power! and no known rest  
The struggling soul has ever known  
Who has closely to its pinions grown.

The pallid mother lying on the cot  
A silly girl had been, who had forgot  
The little knowledge which she'd been endowed  
Before the shrine of love she humbly bowed  
And at its altar sacrificed her all  
And thus—ah! thus, had come about her fall  
But now—a woman grown and on her child  
A look of deathless love now calm—now wild  
The child-birth pains which she endured  
A new creation in her breast enured.  
I'll live for him, my infant boy she sobbed  
Altho' the world her reputation robbed.  
And worked for him and on her pittance meagre  
For him slaved and toiled and very eager  
Spent the mite she earned so hard  
O'er him a most constant guard  
Kept she: lest he should stray  
Away from the garret every day.  
The child she loved with a mother's heart  
Scarce e'en an hour would she e'er part.  
From the little life so calm  
Which now to her was heaven's own balm.  
The father cruelly deserted  
Nought to him they now concerted.  
An army's general staunch and brave  
The girl in the attic he might save  
From the bitter wrath and scorn  
Of the world whose sharpened thorn  
Her young heart had penetrated.  
This the way they were related.  
Descended he of alien blood  
Of Africa's dark streaming flood  
Hot passion, cruelty and neglect  
Were attributes we must reflect.  
Of his nature, other traits  
Of greatness: ah! the fates

Play sometimes with poor human minds  
For genius adds its vast refines.  
To lewdness, viciousness and crime  
Almost as a blending chime.  
Some natures are made up of both  
And to each other very loth,  
Strong poles of right and wrong  
These are the souls which all along  
The varying ranks of time  
Speak forth in every clime.  
The father of these elements were made,  
He knew life in every turn and grade.  
A negro mother, sire of Spanish line  
Inherited deep faith and love sublime.  
As passed the years, the father's heart grew mild  
Toward his son the lowly poor born child  
But was it not that the precocious lad  
Had touched a hidden strain half-glad  
Buried in the ineterent father's heart  
As in the world of letters he took part  
True humanity he began to learn  
And to most humble folk began to turn  
And learn of them the lesson of the hour  
In there misery dumb but silent power.  
O'er their lives forever sway  
Nature's gifts—her finest clay.

Meantime the lad his bitter school  
Were taunts and jeers whose unkind rule  
Stamped deep sorrow in his breast  
He learned to love deep solitude best  
When but a child and very young  
He came to pass his hours among  
People different from the herd  
Of common minds: ah! the bird  
Who soars the highest peak  
Is the winged love which we seek

The child grew on unnamed  
The father now had been far famed  
A genius now and very wise  
Shone from out his dark lit eyes.  
Upon the lad felt some compassion  
Perhaps it was the present fashion  
No honor can to him be given  
Who has in deep dishonor striven  
To right the wrongs of early life  
As if that little puny strife  
'Twixt miscalled conscience which is but fear  
Could ever make a wrong done—clear  
One act done wrong—is forever wrong  
'Tis ne'er made right—and all along  
The true unerring lines of time  
'Tis time alone which buries all  
In its calm relentless call.  
If thus we think to compensate  
Mistaken are we all obligate  
Unto all which we have done  
Like the planets round the sun  
Return again where they began  
'Tis the universal plan.  
And thus the follies of our youth  
Haunt us and it is a truth  
The mind of man has ne'er been free  
On the land or on the sea.  
From contact with things of the past  
There reflection will always last.  
They are part of our own life  
In deepest peace or harshest strife.  
Mind in youth beware—beware  
The joys of life a hidden snare  
Which thy heart will goad and scourge  
As the bitter memory's surge,  
Thro' thy mind in coming years



In hours of calm and hours of tears  
Let thy life be truly spent  
In deep hope and encouragement  
Know the hours which quickly fly  
Away on wings, like the bird on high  
Will pass forever—forever away  
The acts of youth alone the play  
Which will face thee in after years  
Altho' we may have no such fears.  
This child grew up and faced the scorn  
Of the life which he had born  
With suffering heart, yet calm and mild  
Was this poor born, love made child.  
He wrote a tale of love and lust  
Love and vice which is but dust  
By the law of love alone redeemed  
As o'er the dark, its bright ray beamed  
The story brought him friends and fame  
Honor, wealth and love now came  
Floating on the past dark tide.  
Ah! the changes which abide  
Hidden in deep nature's fold  
Whose secrets carelessly we hold.  
In waning years he is sur'ound  
By all the luxurious to be found  
That art and wealth and time could bring  
Yet through his heart a mellow ring  
Of sadness lives and in the end  
His life flows on in peaceful trend.  
Thus stain of birth, nor blighting scorn  
Or wretched poverty and dark'ned morn  
Deters the genius: the shadows weave  
A glorious sunset for his brilliant eve.

December 10, 1895.

## HELOS AND LILLIAN.

Lovers they: in youth's spring time,  
When much in life seems perfect rhyme  
To those who do not understand  
There's no perfection in any land.  
The lover's hair was midnight black  
His face whose very colors lack  
Spoke in Grecian statuesque lines  
And lithesome limbs his form defines,  
Supple, graceful, firm and tall  
The gods on him might fain recall  
So physically perfect is this youth  
And his description is with truth  
Like the lightnings flash his eye  
The light of which can never die.  
Proud in the rush of youth's first flow.  
Noble of mind, his friends well know—  
Helos—his name, and humbly born,  
His spirit never felt forlorn.  
For mirth and cheer was his birthright,  
Keen in talent and clear insight.  
The pitiless world not afraid to face  
Empty handed—for wealth's bright race  
To him was but a joyous dream  
The roseate light of love's bright gleam  
Illuminates his every thought.  
Ah! the great change love has wrought,  
Has made this humble lad a king  
In happiness: the very ring

In his manly pleasing voice  
Would make a stoic for once rejoice.  
The maiden beside him of beauty so rare  
Is Lillian—fair Lillian, with bright golden hair.  
Her face cast in oval and small pointed chin,  
Her eyes, the dear angels had let the sky in  
And turned them to violet as the dark shadows  
grew,  
Dark lashes and brows were the beauty which few  
Could pass without notice—and many a sigh  
Was heard from the hearts as fair Lillian passed by  
And love made a halo around her small head,  
Her sweet winning smile was a lustre which shed  
Comfort and peace upon all whom it fell  
And thus runs the story reluctant I tell.

In a garden of blossoms this night they had met,  
The sun in the west with glory had set,  
The young moon o'erhead shone with radiance  
divine

Upon the magnolia whose blossoms and vine  
Wreathed 'round the small arbor to which they  
repaired

A scene from fair Eden this picture had dared.  
"I will tell her to-night of my love," quoth Helos  
As they sank to a seat on a mound of dark moss.  
"I love him—my Helos," sighed Lillian so fair.  
The moon thro' the lattice made silver her hair.  
Clasped in the arms of her lover in bliss  
Sealed they their love with a pure love's kiss.  
As wedded these souls by the deep power of love  
Their spirits took flight to the regions above  
And left the weak mortals to combat on earth,  
To helplessly struggle as e'en at their birth  
Two bright robed souls from earth took flight  
Out on the billows of ether and night,  
On and on in unlimited space they fly  
To a brilliant world they now draw nigh.

Making the journey in extatic rhyme,  
Blending in love thought this new found clime  
As hand clasps hand—cries Helos to his love  
Here are the joys for those who live above.  
What an eternal and blessed fate  
Had found the angel and her mate.  
Upon this wondrous world they pause  
Scarcely knowing just the cause  
Which had brought their twin souls here  
Love alone has its motive clear  
A heaven is this the angel cried  
Whose brilliant light shines far and wide  
Giving the spirits here full scope  
To work out their wondrous mission of hope  
I see no darkness any where,  
'Tis joy to feel this light so rare,  
These beauteous forms which here we find  
Seem much alike and of one mind.  
So much of quiet and harmony  
Like one grand chord or symphony  
Paused the angel in deepest wonderment  
Beholding now the vision with very deep intent  
Of a world peopled alone with intellect  
On whose perfection she pauses to reflect  
Living with harmony's law perfected  
All joys and discords forever rejected  
By the right of love and peace  
The soul alone will find release.  
Strains of music from choirs divine  
Float on the air and thus refine  
The space between the worlds around,  
Bringing soothing mellow sound.  
Millions of worlds in ether abide  
Returning like the truest tide,  
In their course heaven directed  
By the one great law protected.  
The law of harmony and truth

Will solve all things and is the proof.  
Like the highest mountain peak  
We alone for knowledge seek  
Above this planetary sphere.  
We grasp with ease the wisdom here  
But the things which we most need  
Is knowing when the soul is freed.  
From these galling binding chains  
With, their bitter sweet refrains  
Knowledge of the after path  
Few are here who ever hath  
Divined the mystery of the change  
Called death: 'tis not within the range  
Of most humanity in thought or mind  
Superstition is the only happiness such find  
Thus passed the years as but a day  
To the angel and Helos—and they  
Forward looked to now explore  
Other worlds with their hidden lore  
Of love and wisdom, truth and power  
It was indeed a blessed dower  
To be allowed to thus project  
There angel souls and then reflect  
Upon the knowledge which they gained  
For this the written story's famed,  
And passing onward in their flight  
They behold a strange, strange sight.  
And leaving now the angels rare  
Upon the earth we will repair.

They knew not what the seeming change  
Had fallen on; them: something strange  
Had come upon them: that they knew  
And colder to each other grew.  
As time rolled on, the marriage bans  
Were published through the village fans

Flames of fire in gossips speech  
Shriller than the night owl's screech  
The simple folk eagerly spy,  
The bride and groom with downcast eye,  
There faces pale and tightly drawn  
Compress'd their speech: and the sunny dawn  
Which made this couple man and wife  
Opened the door of contentions strife.  
Which would ever war and wage  
Ever and always in silent rage.  
Between the two whose souls had fled  
Into the starlight, whose luster shed  
Upon these mortals not any ray,  
They battle with there now dark day.  
In the mind of Helos, suspicion dark  
Has made of him a centered mark,  
Filled his mind with thoughts of rage,  
The depth of jealousy, who can gauge.  
His misery grew as the years pass by,  
Has made galling chains of the golden tie.  
He changed in actions and in looks  
In every corner the devil lurks,  
To his mind now dark'ned sadly  
As raged his bitterness more madly  
A few short years so quickly pass'd  
Upon his heart more sorrows mass'd.  
Until for him life held no joy  
And thoughts of love could only cloy.  
Upon the man who had been so bright  
Upon which life meant one sunlight.  
Now bowed and bent in waning years  
Pour'd with the world he shed no tears  
But mute and sullen, on came old age  
All joys of life a forgotten page.

And Lillian the fair one whose footsteps light  
Had chased away the shadows of night  
By her winning youthful smile  
And her sweetest glance awhile,  
Morose and petulant by turns  
Grew she: anger in her heart now burns  
Her great love died, her beauty faded,  
Her frame is limp, her step is jaded.  
Disappointed with all of life  
It appeared to her one awful strife.  
The gloomy days now suit her best  
In her heart a hidden quest  
Courts deep solitude, shuns the sun rays,  
Settled despair now attending all her days  
The years crept—ah! so slowly by  
Will the end ne'er come was her one sigh.  
Poverty had added its hideous face  
Whose deathly mark left a vicious trace  
Up on the two who began life blest  
Apparently: 'tis sad confess't  
Until at last they came to hate  
And that—alas—was the mortals fate.  
Death a thousand times were better  
Than the living death whose letter  
Upon so many hearts are branded  
Like burning fire, and to be candid  
Humanity is a living lie  
Whose dying struggles alone the cry,  
Of truthfulness in its hoarse ring  
'Tis a grewsome ghostly thing.  
This problem of the changing soul,  
So brief in parts, so sad the whole.  
Satisfaction of the moment enters not tumultu-  
ous mind,  
Grasping ever for the ideal is the creed of most  
mankind.

But away to the angels, whose happy course  
Is toward a star whose misty force  
Compels there souls with firm attraction  
Without the crudeness of refraction.  
Leaving a world where all was so clear  
What unknown consciousness draws them near  
A world that is dark and very small,  
The brilliant worlds have been joy—all.  
They sigh and shudder with silent fear  
As thro' the darkness they draw near,  
Familiar seems this place to me  
This beautiful garden which I see  
Covered with roses, buds and vines,  
Magnolia blossoms whose stems entwines  
The beautiful lillies nodding so white,  
Standing stately in the calm moonlight  
A placid lake whose silvery gleam  
Answers every bright moon beam.  
Grassy slopes near the waters edge.  
Beauty is nature's honest pledge.  
Alight the angels on this spot  
Can it be they have forgot  
This the garden—there the arbor,  
There the scenes which lovers harbor,  
Lillian dost thou, this place remember?  
Ah! memory's but a dying ember  
'Twas our home a short space ago  
Much since then we've learned to know  
They glide along toward the stately pile  
With its ancient turret style.  
Radiant and beautiful with love divine  
To youthfulness forever they happily consign.

Sitting mute within the crumbling walls  
Of these tomb-like and ancestral halls  
The mortals whose expression wore a lear



In whose every voice and look a sneer  
The man was flabby—and heavy lidded eyes  
Dissipation had rendered him full of heavy sighs  
Tottering and unhappy, not willing to die,  
To live, ah! to live—is his vain cry.  
The woman broken, old and wrecked  
The greenish eyes with which she's decked  
Turn amber as the candles light  
Fall upon this awful sight.  
Thus the angels stood and gazed  
Upon the horror which had dazed  
Their senses, and the frightful view  
Brought the visions meaning true.  
And raising up the dim half sightless eyes  
The mortals saw the angels from the skies  
Standing there with mournful pitying look,  
Life or death no more was a sealed book.  
Crying out aloud in fitful starts  
Death had set his seal upon their hearts  
And when their eyes were closed in death's last  
sleep  
A peaceful smile had come from out the deep  
Reserves of nature and upon their face  
Settled: leaving of sorrow scarce a trace.

My Lillian we will from this place away  
Said Helos: back to the world where all is day  
Sad, ah! sad, the angels took their flight  
They had learned a secret in that night  
Humbler than before and very meek  
To help all suffering souls is what they seek.  
And thus it is thro' this one law alone  
Are angels made: no other law is known  
By giving up forever selfishness  
Is the attainment of supreme happiness.

November 27, 1895.

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"AN INDIAN LEGEND."

Dea-hi-ho-gah\* in his white canoe  
Burst from the darkness into view  
On the northern river wide  
Paddling down its white capp'd tide.  
Deep thought sat upon the brow  
Of the grey-hair'd red man now,  
Penetration lights his eye  
In whose depths dark mysteries lie.  
With single oar he paddles lightly  
Toward the west—and shining brightly  
Through the high rocks—is the sun  
Now his weary quest is done.  
From the clouds he has descended  
Tribes of red men have been defended  
By his magic and stern power  
Years before—and every hour  
Is his prestige understood  
From the Great Spirit—and good  
Are his thoughts and all his actions  
Loved is he and his attractions  
Are both just and so divine  
That the nations six entwine  
'Round his memory and name  
Lasting power and lasting fame  
By Ha-we-ne-u‡ deputed  
By the red men not refuted  
Dea-hi-ho-gah visits earth  
'Tis the Indians traditional birth.

---

\*Dea-hi-ho-gah—wise man.

‡Ha-we-ne-u—Great Spirit.

Paddling lightly along the shore  
His white canoe with single oar  
Soon the fragile prow made fast  
Lightly stepped to earth at last.  
Ascends the loftiest western hill  
With calmest majesty—and still  
Pride and kindliness lights his eye  
As his face turns toward the sky  
Then around him silent gazing  
Lists his ear to nature's praising  
Thro' the lake of thousand isles  
Enchants the sachem's heart with smiles,  
Drawing his stately height—noble and free  
Cries happily aloud—Osh-wah-kee, Osh-wah-kee.\*

Two hunters of a nation great  
The proud Mohawks—this tale relate  
Behind the hills they lay concealed  
And saw the spirit-man revealed.  
Quietly he them approaches  
Not with harsh or stern reproaches  
But with kind and friendly greeting  
Is the spirit-man and hunters meeting.  
A tale of sadness to him tell  
Of empty hunting grounds—as well  
As sufferings they had borne  
Doomed they thought to ever mourn.  
Thus they spoke without restraint  
The spirit-man hears their complaint.  
The hunters serve their aged guest  
A roast of venison—and now they rest  
The red men smoke the calumet

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\* Osh-wah-kee interpreted from the Indian means, I see everything and see nothing. Oswego river is named from Osh-wah-kee.

In the evening's dim sunset.  
And Dea-hi-ho-gah then disclosed  
As his listeners reposed  
That he would fill with fish the streams  
The hunting grounds with game—and deems  
It wise to tell how Ha-we-ne-yoh  
Had sent him in the red men's view  
And said the wise man furthermore  
The streams be cleared along the shore  
Of every barrier which met their way  
And started they at break of day  
The Mohawk hunters—brave and true  
With Dea-hi-ho-gah in his white canoe.

On the shores of Skan-yan-da-de\*  
Whose waters tints are like the sea—  
Dea-hi-ho-gah makes his abode  
Among the nations six he strode.  
The people flocked from every place  
To look upon his calm wise face  
And wished him to instruct and teach  
In matters far beyond their reach  
And thus the years pass swiftly by  
The red men heed his slightest sigh.  
His divine character laid he aside  
And lived as man with a dusky bride.  
He taught the red man to plant the corn  
And made for him the council horn  
And taught them how the beans to raise  
And dealt them out deserving praise.  
Taught them to make the wampum belt  
Of beads and shells and hempen welt  
And wigwams build of skin of deer,  
Canoe of birch—and sharpened spear  
And blest them all with lavish hand

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\*Skan-yan-da-de—Cross Lake.

'Till warriors came from a northern land  
With ferocious front and wild war cry  
And the council fire is burning high  
And purpos'd schemes 'gainst the invasion  
Dea-hi-ho-gah speaks on this occasion.  
These rude invaders we must repel  
Alone and single—is not well  
Our brave warriors must unite  
And from our borders be the fight  
We shall be safe when this is done  
The red man speaks—as sinks the sun.

You—Mohawks—under the “Great Tree”  
First in the nation shall you be  
All shall cry to you aloud  
Because you are warriors mighty and proud.

And you—Oneidas—of the “Everlasting Stone,”  
Second shall be—you shall not moan  
Because you are of gifted speech  
And wisest counsel you will teach.

And you—Onondagas—whose habitation  
Is “Great Mountain” and its grand relation  
Third shall be—for lovers of peace  
By your teaching war shall cease.

And you—Cayugas—of “Forest Dark,”  
Whose home is everywhere—will mark  
Fourth shall be—for in the chase  
Your cunning wins the foremost race.

And you—Senecas—in “Open Country” living  
Fifth shall be—and then much wisdom giving  
To raise the corn—you understand  
And you “Five Nations” shall rule the land.

And you Manhattes—and all the rest  
From north and south, from east and west  
Place yourselves in our protection  
List your ear to our direction

If in this great bond we unite  
Ha-we-ne-u's smile shall be our light  
Happy, prosperous and free—  
Guard this covenant faithfully.  
As the wise man ceased to speak,  
His downcast face looked very meek  
A burst of music rent the air  
Seeming to come from everywhere.  
Celestial melody—low and sweet  
Singing voices—blending greet  
The rapturous echoes in Heaven's arch  
Like a grand triumphant march  
All eyes now were turned on high  
The wise man with a farewell cry  
Seated in his white canoe  
Rising gracefully from their view  
Higher—higher—toward the cloud  
The astonished natives cry aloud  
The music now is wierd and low  
Moaning away in a plaintive flow  
Strains of sweetest, softest tones  
Dying away in wailing moans  
The god-like Dea-hi-ho-gah in his white canoe  
Entered the regions of Ha-we-ne-u.

Such was the story told this night  
In a wigwam warm—by a pine logs light  
Told by the warrior Ha-sta-wen-send-ta  
Told to his daughter Ga-hah-do-wit-ta.\*

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\* Ga-hah-do-wit-ta—prophetess.

Beloved was she by all the tribe  
Daughter of the sachem scribe  
Living at "Great Mountain's" foot  
Guarded by its branch and root.

Fertile are the valley plains  
When the summer sun regains  
Control of bird and fruit and corn  
Blessings easily are born.

To-night the shrill bleak winds are blowing  
On the wigwam floor—the bright light glowing  
The aged chief by the fire is bent  
With withered cheek—and hollow dent.

Crouching closely by his side  
His darling daughter—his only pride  
Covered in a pile of skins  
Smiles from her the chieftain wins.

As he tells of fairy tales  
And happier days—and now bewails  
Loss of tribes and homes and friends  
Grief the chieftain's heart now rends.

All this land was once our play ground  
To the pale-face we were not bound  
Where the crumbling arsenal stands  
Oun-di-a-ga led his bands.

Now my child will wed a stranger  
Know I well the path of danger  
Lowly sank the sachem's head  
As he dropped upon his bed.

Father—Ga-hah-do-wit-ta cried  
I will not live to be a bride  
Ha-we-ne-u calls to me  
Soon his smiling face I'll see.

I was to wed upon to-morrow  
A nation's brave—now only sorrow  
Falls upon my sinking heart  
To-night I know that we must part.

Ha-we-ne-u! O, spare my child,  
Cried the sachem—long and wild  
As he breathes in broken sighs  
The lovely Ga-hah-do-wit-ta dies.

They buried her with pomp and show  
In the valley—in the snow  
All the women mournfully wailing  
Chanting the death songs unavailing.

The flower of the flock—without one moan  
To the land of souls—alone—alone  
One mourner sat by her lonely grave  
Dumb in his grief—was the Mohawk brave.

He was the swiftest in the race  
Handled the bow with native grace  
The surest hunter—the keenest eye  
And the first to utter the warrior's cry.

No more for him would the hunter's chase  
Cheer his heart with its quickened pace  
In anguish keen he cries aloud  
For the dark eyed girl in the snowy shroud.



Bow and arrow he laid aside  
Cast down the war club with broken pride  
Peace and joy for him was o'er  
Since Ga-hah-do-wit-ta was no more.

He had heard old people say  
There was a path as light as day  
Into the land of souls would lead  
Their direction he would heed.

After many hours of mourning  
He started out with little warning  
Guided only by tradition—  
Toward the south—the one condition.

On he journeyed—yet no change  
Seemingly in nature's range  
On bush and tree the snow piled high  
Is the scene which greets the Mohawk's eye.

Dreary—dreary land of snow  
The cold north winds forever blow  
Could Ga-hah-do-wit-ta have come this way  
The black eyed youth asked the lonely day.

Dreary—dreary—the lonely heart  
Seeking forever its counter part  
Through the northern icy breath  
Peering into the face of death.

Almost dead from the piercing cold  
With staggering step, the Mohawk bold  
Halted tremblingly to rest  
For many moons had been his guest.

At last—the sun began to shine  
The forest 'sumed more cheerful rhyme  
The leaves put forth their small green buds  
The snows retreated in falling floods.

Before the young man was aware  
A change complete—Oh, beauty rare—  
The joyous birds their warblings sing  
He found himself surrounded by spring.

All the land of ice and snow  
Left behind in the valley low  
Above his head a field of blue  
Flowers beside him quickly grew.

The balmy air was soft and mild  
Dark clouds rolled back as in anger wild  
Clearing an archway in the sky  
The traditional sign that the path was nigh.

It led him through pomegranate groves  
Then high on a hill the Mohawk roves  
On the very top a lodge he spied  
Ga-hah-do-wit-ta—the lover cried.

At the door an old man stood  
Staff in hand of polished wood  
With whitened hair and firey eyes  
Had heard the fainting travelers cries.

Throwing loosely on his shoulders  
A robe of skins—he climbs the boulders  
You are welcome to my abode  
As all who climb this weary road.

The dark-skin'd youth began—in part  
To tell the tale of his broken heart  
The white haired chieftain raised his hand  
I knew you were coming unto this land.

Just had I risen to come and meet you  
'Twas known to me you were brave and true  
She whom you seek—just pass'd this way  
Fatigued with her journey—sat here a day.

Enter my lodge—and take this seat  
Rest your body and weary feet  
Your enquiries I will try  
To answer and will satisfy.

This done—they issued from the door  
See yonder gulf with its widening shore  
'Tis the land of souls' the chieftain cried  
You stand on its borders in manhood's pride.

This my lodge is the entrance gate  
Your body must stay—that is the fate  
Of all who pass and you will learn  
You will find it safe on your return.

Forward—bound the traveler—free—  
As if on wings toward the distant sea  
Trees nor groves—hill nor wave  
Stopped the passage of the brave.

Through them he appeared to go  
Spectre like they seem'd to glow  
The land of shadows around him lie  
Looming up to the bright blue sky.

And now he reached the waters edge  
This was the white haired chieftain's pledge  
An island in the center lay  
Covered by the haze of day.

A stone canoe of shining white  
Tied to the shore—now met his sight  
The aged man had told of this  
And now the path to the land of bliss.

Entering the canoe so sprightly  
With shining oar he paddles lightly  
To his joy and intense surprise  
Ga-hah-do-wit-ta is before his eyes.

Seated in a small canoe  
Counterpart of his own in hue  
Watching him with loving pride  
On the lake they are side by side.

Push they out from the dark green shore  
To part they now! Ah, never more  
Into the whitening edge of the wave  
Paddled the girl and the Mohawk brave.

To the island looked a long, long distance  
The waves now offered strong resistance  
Storms are sweeping across the lake  
Whirling wreaths of clear foam break.

Many forms were struggling there  
Old and young and beauty rare  
In the wild waves some are sinking  
The angry waters—their souls are drinking

Many sank: and heaps of bones  
Strewn on the bottom midst the stones  
They could see through the water clear  
Thus they were in constant fear.

Only the children whose canoes  
No barriers met—the waves refuse  
Now they reach the island shore  
After the dark and wild storms roar.

And leap'd they on the pearl-like sand  
The boundary line of this dreamy land  
Strengthen'd by its very air  
Lovely visions every where.

Together over blissful fields  
They wander—and all nature yields  
Beauty to please the ear, the eye,  
Not a wail of sorrows cry.

There no tempest—nor chilly wind  
Nor wars—nor graves—can they find  
No one crying there for bread  
No one mourning for the dead

There no wintry ice—nor snow  
All was bathed in a golden glow  
There no sorrow—no despair  
Joy and peace alone was there.

Daisies—lillies—roses—sweet  
Make the carpet for their feet  
Singing birds from every clime  
Making melody sublime.

Azalia wreaths in festoons hung  
Across the branches the ivy swung—  
Stately palms and nooks of shade  
Bending willows in every glade.

Forever the warrior would here remain  
List'ning forever to the sweet refrain  
Go back—go back—came an awful voice  
To the land whence thou came—thou hast no  
choice.

The "Master of Life" he did not see  
He heard the voice from the highest tree  
The duties for which I have made you  
Are not finished—and are but few.

Spake the awful voice—'Tis not your time  
Return to your people—far from this clime  
You will rule your tribe for many days  
Be a good man the wise law says.

My aged messenger at the gate  
List to him—he will relate  
You shall then the island find  
Which you now must leave behind.

She you love will wait you here  
Young and fair and very dear  
As when I called her from the land of snow  
Back to that land where you must go.

The "Master of Life" now ceased to speak  
The warrior turned to blindly seek  
The pathway over the wild storm's roar.  
Which had led him along to that golden shore.

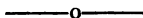
Back to the sea now raging madly  
Turn'd the dark-skinned warrior sadly  
Knowing scarce which way to go  
Back to the bitter land of snow.

Back to the land of hunger and tears  
Back to the joyless land of fears  
The warrior's heart is sad and dreary  
The warrior's heart is weary—weary.

Back again—with weary feet  
To the valley 'neath the hills retreat  
Just at daylight's fading glow  
Back to the bitter land of snow.

And so midst misery's scenes we wait  
For the island calm—this is our fate  
We are wand'ers—struggling slow  
Through the bitter land of snow.

August 3, 1896.



## MADAME LASCAIRE: THE WITCH OF THE BLACK FOREST.

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'Twas moonlight in the black forest  
A forest of giant trees  
Whose branches sway with jest  
In the soft night breeze.  
Heavy festoons of creeping moss  
Through which the moonlight falls  
Whose fantastic shadows loss  
Flower bestrewn turf recalls.

The echoes float to the branches high  
The dull roar of Danube billows  
Defiant is the night owl's cry  
Resonant to the willows.  
Which guard the many winding bends  
Like firm standing sentinels  
Of the stream whose deep charm lends  
Varied beauty o'er hills and dells.  
Anon—the whirr of heavier wings is heard  
Black as the silent depths of forest shade  
Like the great bubus—the mysterious aztec bird.  
An alien wandered his home was made  
With heavy, peculiar motion-swing  
Flies down past one's very face  
Sends a ghostly shivering ring  
Throughout this grewsome place.  
'Tis a most unseemly hour  
Midnight is the time  
The forest in its highest power  
Denotes an enchanting clime.  
Picturesque spots here and there  
Of restfulness and seclusion  
Ilex and laurel grow everywhere  
The scene is not delusion.  
A change is working through the forest trees  
A storm is coming on with awful glare  
Leaping from crest to crest as stormy seas  
Whirling from peak to peak with thrilling dare  
Breaking the stillness of the moonlight night  
Like a sad and silent plaintive wail  
Gathering force from the echoes with its might  
Like a departed spirit in the gale.  
Striking terror to the very heart  
Of the superstitious and the sad  
Only of amusement a light part  
To the happy minded and the glad.



The gods are angry for some cause unknown  
Is what the simple villagers believe  
Living at the forest's edge alone  
Not much wisdom do they e'er receive.  
Into the woods farther penetrating  
Denser grows the trees and deeper shade  
Black with awful storm the night relating  
Wildest tales until the dark shall fade.  
Black and wild and mournfully the wailing  
Of the heavy, mad and groaning wind  
Falls the blinding sheets of rain unveiling  
A change in Nature's own capricious mind—  
And the denseness of that midnight forest  
Smites the heart with awful fear and dread  
With bated breath and anguished thought—lest  
One might think they're walking with the dead.  
So haunting is the untrod woods in night hours  
In a storm whose wild and vicious wrath  
Sweep along like spirits of dark powers  
Drowning all things light within its path—  
Now the air grows cold as morning's chill  
Wraps the woods in dark and dullest grey  
Falling on every vale and hill  
So breaks the first drear peep of day.  
And in the midst of all this solitude  
In the midst of all this stormy night  
Stands a castle whose unheard prelude  
Is its silent ghostly ruined sight.  
One broken wing with wet ivy clinging  
To the crumbling mortar and the stones  
As if to keep away the wild storms ringing  
Out in the night its awful wailing tones.  
The castle is an ancient Gothic structure  
Built there many years, years ago  
Before the Goths and Germans had their rupture  
Built in the days when thought was slow.

The turrets loom through straggling vines  
The oaken doors are black with age  
High grown shrubs their place outlines  
Time has left a written page  
Of ambition, wealth and fame  
Upon this old castle hidden  
In the forest depths whose name  
Honor, grandeur and pomp had bidden—  
To attend in days gone by  
Music strains had pealed from out  
The fan traced windows to the sky  
In days when youth ne'er had a doubt.  
Yet to-night in all the wild storms rage  
Out from a window shines a flickering light  
'Tis gone one moment, then again will gauge  
Its seeming strength into the awful night  
Inside from whence that fleeting ray  
Of candle light shines out in faintest gleams  
The chief beauty of the interior gray  
Is the groined ceiling whose exquisite beams  
The surface being spread with lace like ribbing  
Belonging to this age of massiveness  
And characteristic of simplicity combining  
A network of intricate passiveness.  
Furniture of rare old handiwork  
Carved in grapes and leaves and vines  
In whose uncanny shadows lurks  
Phantom stories speak of hidden crimes.  
In one remote and dark corner  
Stands a tall candelabra of brass  
The very room to a foreigner  
Is ghastly in every line—alas—  
That we should live so far away  
From the periods of the past  
Our own every night and day  
We think perhaps will always last.

In the midst of this decaying splendor  
Lying crouched in silken cushions rare  
Is a woman pale and wan and slender  
On her face the candles fleeting glare  
Makes a shade and shadow as it falls  
On her pallid deathly looking face  
Bringing an echo from the heavy walls  
Piercing through the gloomy dark'ned space  
Lives she there like one alive or dead  
Impossible for one to tell which—  
Her claw-like hands and withered templed head  
Pronounce her at the first slight glance the  
“Witch.”  
Her eyes are closed which make her look more  
deathly  
Around them hollow sunken circles lie  
The very shadows pass her by so stealthily  
As if afraid of her wide open eye.  
Around her clings a faded satin gown  
Dull and black and purple like in hue  
Seemingly to mingle with her frown  
As if upon her very form it grew—  
So withered are the crumpled hanging folds  
Limp and sere with age and damp confines  
Ah! how the vicious mortal holds  
Her clutch on life with deepest dark designs—  
A jeweled brooch at her throat betrays  
The glittering red and blue of warm sapphire  
Shining light and dark in numerous rays  
The only thing alive within the dire  
Surroundings of this ancient room  
Precious gems speak more of future time  
Than much material logic we assume  
The diamond loves its own mysterious clime.  
But now the sleeping woman wakes  
And Oh! what lights from out her eyes  
Shine with black and red and yellow—makes  
A thrill of horror at the keen disguise.

Whose long dark lids when closed upon  
Those burning piercing orbs  
With look of fixed and wild intention  
One's mind she fearlessly absorbs  
By the wierdness of her appearance  
Her face so pale and drawn and strange  
The brightest light would but enhance  
Her pallor—and all within the range  
Of her black and wildly gleaming eyes.  
"I must have life! I feel I'm dying  
I will not die," she weakly cries  
While I hold the secret buying—  
Of any life within my reach  
Thus have I lived for many years  
By the laws which none can teach  
I'll wield them now and shed no tears—  
This year I've searched the hamlets through  
For youth—'tis youth I ever crave  
All were short-lived except the few  
They have kept me from the grave—  
To-night my strength is on the wane  
'Tis passing strange this weakened heart  
The fates about me would I fain  
Bid this breath from me depart.  
I see the grave—the worms—the slime  
The grinning teeth, the socketless eye  
That hideous prison house for all time  
Which is the end of all who die.  
'Tis why I've sought through all these years  
The hidden mysteries of life to find  
The wise men of the East and even seers  
Their knowledge I have found to firmly bind  
This power called life within me  
I care not what the cost  
Her gloating eyes with devil's glee  
Plainly tell her soul is lost.

To all that's good, the one wild mad desire  
That clutches like a viper in her breast  
And eats like moulten lead and burning fire  
To live forever is her wild request.  
The grave again—she shrieks with awful fright  
Her withered hands beat back a fancied scene  
The prison house—the worms—the slime to-night  
Appear to grasp and beckon—can it mean  
I counted wrong the last life that I drew  
Said twenty years—the planets told me so  
Not half that time has passed. I slew  
That last tall youth ten years to-night I know.  
I note this secret potion has not strength  
To last as long as in the former years  
Once before it failed me in its length  
That it may happen now I have some fears.  
For I would die if I could not refill  
This withered shrunken frame with youthful life  
And preparations for the blood I spill  
Does not require a curved or sharpened knife—  
I'll lay me down and rest a little more  
And shut out the haunting dream in which I  
woke.  
She dragged her trembling limbs across the floor  
These words she quickly framed and weakly  
spoke.  
Stupid fools of humanity who only live to die  
Out of your ranks I pick and choose and ply  
my art with joy  
Poltroon—dupes, while I will I can defy  
That seeming end to all I play with a toy.  
Six hundred years have I kept this breath  
And lived—yet 'tis but a day  
Six hundred years have I baffled death  
I'll never yield as his pray.  
Unless I meet with a stronger will  
Than my own—which never will be.

None I've ever met could kill  
Nor weaken or wrest this power from me.  
Then why to-night this woeful fear?  
Which surges through my heavy heart  
I live on, while very drear  
Is life to others, they must part  
With the precious boon and then prepares to cross  
The grave—the grave—the prison house—she  
shrieks  
With shaking sobs—I rightly feared my loss!  
More strength to live immediately she seeks.  
She staggers through the dark and creaking door  
On thro' winding dark'ned narrow halls  
To a spacious opening in the floor  
On one side steps which vividly recalls  
Graves and vaults and horrible dark things  
Carefully and cautious she descends  
Unlocks a bolted door whose clanging rings  
Mingle with the shadows it contends.  
Another inner door she then unlocks  
A gust of cold wind blows upon her face  
At fear of ghost or goblin she mocks  
Death is the only fear which knows her grace.  
Ah! many a handsome youth and bright eyed  
maid  
Has crossed the fatal threshold of that room  
In youth young hearts are never scarce afraid  
To ne'er come out alive was their sad doom.  
A gypsy girl of exquisite beauty rare  
Is the latest victim of the hag  
Her head defiant and with haughty dare  
Demands release—her spirit does not flag  
Until she looks and meets the woman's eye.  
She trembles, then recoils and quickly turns  
And breaks forth in a gasping shivering cry  
Through and through her soul that wild look  
burns

The woman's eyes are blazing balls of fire  
Now red—now yellow—like a demon's glare  
A bitter sneer plays with derisive ire  
Like a savage panther in its lair.  
No word she speaks but steadily advancing  
Slowly toward the horror stricken girl  
The glitter of her powerful eye entrancing  
The senses of the child in awful whirl.  
The gypsy smiled, extended out her hands  
Laid them in the woman's vise like clasp  
Around her closed the vulture's tight'ning bands  
She sighed a glad cry—gave a little gasp—  
Upon her heaving bosom fell her head  
With its tumbled mass of midnight hair  
The spark within her, we call Life, had fled  
The beauteous face had lost the look of care  
Which captivity had traced with heavy line  
No more the glorious eyes will sparkle bright  
The dark'ned beauty of her features fine  
No more will laugh and love in bright sunlight  
Still and stiff and rigid she has grown  
The color gone forever from her cheek  
All the joys of life from her have flown  
The hungry ghoul beside her found her meek.  
She gently yielded out her life to me  
Another who could not resist my sway  
The croaking hag cried out with hellish glee  
Far many days her life will pave my way.  
With keen desires of life and feverish youth  
With joy and gladness and more brightened  
thought  
With quicker step—and all in all—in truth  
Which makes the secret deed so easily bought.  
She dropped the dead girl's hands and stepped  
aside  
A hidden spring into the wall she press'd

Revealing a low rumbling like the tide  
The sound indeed was hideous she confess'd.  
A large stone in one corner is removed  
A hole so black and flowing water there  
Harder she pressed the spring until it grooved  
An unseen socket meant there to prepare  
A resting prop for so huge a block  
A rushing gust of cold wind there arose  
A peal of thunder made earth shake and rock  
A fitting requiem for so sad a close—  
Of the gypsy girl in young and tender bloom  
In all her life no one had she e'er harmed  
Innocent she met her death in gloom  
The witch at her black crime is not alarmed.  
The girl she drags with sudden strengthened  
arm  
Across the stones and in the gaping hole  
Pitches the body—firmly to disarm  
Suspicion as to how escaped the soul.  
Back the spring and rock flew into place  
Turns the witch and bolts the inner door  
Leaving of the devil's act no trace  
All was drowned in the wild storm's roar.  
She locked the outer door and climbed the stair  
Traced her steps back through the narrow  
halls  
Through the creaking door with studied care  
In her silken cushions now she falls.  
And slumbers thro' the calm and sunlit day  
On until the lowering evening's glow  
Spreads a darkened cloud on every ray  
Slumbers on till midnight's ebbing flow  
Proclaims the coming of another dawn  
The woman wakes and peering in her glass  
All the hideous age and wrinkles gone  
Around her temples fall a clinging mass



Of luxurious curls warm and young  
Her cheeks are rich with color red  
Her youthful hands now rest among  
The silken sheen beneath her pillow'd head  
Her forehead is as fair as marble white  
The blue veins are transparent thro' the skin  
In her eyes a soft and mellow light  
And plump of form, the hag who was so thin—  
Youth she has—and for youth she would sell  
Her soul unto the darkest unseen powers  
Into the horrors of abysmal hell  
From nought on any world the woman cowers  
Ah! many days I'll now live and enjoy  
Life in all its variegated hues—  
For happiness I ever will employ  
That pertaining to all earthly veins.  
I'll speed away among the grand and gay  
And sip the honey like the drunken bee  
Of pleasures that will fall in my pathway  
The world is one bright flower garden for me.

Cloaked and veiled at night she leaves the castle  
Skulking—hiding—'till well out of sight  
A heavy cloak tied with a cord and tassel  
Covers the cowering form that darkened night.  
Now she is stationed in a brilliant City  
Domiciled with richest luxuries rare  
The hag of hell has not one breath of pity  
Upon the lives she took to keep her fair.  
Around her—splendid gayety entwining  
She fascinates the soul's of those she can  
The witch is wise and rapidly consigning  
The joys of love her basest passions fan.  
The grandeur of her city habitation  
Is unsurpassed throughout the noblest land  
The beauty of the scene in fine relation  
With the legends of the fairy's wand.

Fine hewn blocks of greystone is her palace  
Arched and towered in wonderful design  
Gushing streams in marble fountains solace  
Troubled thoughts which she can scarce define.  
Flowers and clinging vines of rarest hue  
Shed their cooling, sweet and scented lustre  
Into the warm sunlight—and new  
And delicate light green tendrils cluster  
Around the vines which guard the portals  
Of the palace grand and dim  
Clinging like earthly thought to mortals  
Like an anthem—like a hymn.  
The priceless hangings of the dark interior  
Speak age and time, and wealth within their  
fold  
To the highest woven art they're not inferior  
Like fine spun ocean foam and brilliant gold  
Mantels there of light Canara marble  
Lamps of every pattern—every shade  
In golden cages colored song birds warble  
With richest rugs the polished floors are laid.  
In richly wrought low brazen burners  
Burning perfume scents the air  
Mellow incense in nooks and corners  
The wildest dreams of luxury there.  
Dwelling thus amidst all this untold splendor  
The woman witch holds forth with cunning  
dare  
Surrounded by those who willingly render  
Servile homage to Madame Lascaire.  
Fair indeed to look upon to-night  
Is the woman of so dark a past  
Radiant with gems whose precious light  
Myriads of gleaming scintillations cast.  
Clad in clinging white of softest gauze  
Diamonds deck her arms and breast and brow

At beauty of her outlines one would pause  
Knowing that the gods love to endow  
With beauty rare those whom they love  
Not one in all the vast essemble  
But thought of her as a chastened dove  
Shadowed lives, ah! well may tremble—  
A day will come when acts shall be  
Known and read unseen—unheard  
A day will come when thoughts we'll see  
A voiceless sound—a plain heard word.

Madame Lascaire to-night is in her glee  
Around her beauty, youth and wit preside  
A banquet grand and music's revelry  
Rolls out as to the stately dance they glide.  
Youth and beauty—love—then bliss  
Ah! to have that day forever—  
'Tis the one bright ray of happiness  
To come again—no—never—never—  
Madame's mood seems sad to-night  
Surely there's no apparent reason  
Yet her heartstrings clutching tight  
Tugging at some hidden treason  
A well knit youth with flashing eye  
Dark curling hair and tall and sad  
Has reached her soul and made her sigh.  
His pale face turns her brain half mad  
He has left her side one moment  
To have a word with other guests  
When he's gone she is not content  
She loves him is the thought which rests  
In her heart and brain and mind  
Searing her like a burning fire  
And for love I've never pined  
But this uncontrollable desire.  
For love is almost new to me  
Perhaps 'twill pass me lightly by

The gypsy's love is like an angry sea.  
She quickly stifles a rising cry  
Coming toward her—knightlike laden  
Leading by the trembling hand  
A flaxen haired and blue eyed maiden  
Orlof the lover—takes command.  
Proud indeed to lead Natalie  
The fairest girl for miles around  
About her side the nobles dally  
But eyes cast shyly to the ground.  
Natalie passes wealth and riches by  
With quiet air pursues her humble way  
Gentle as the summer's zephyr sigh  
Like a lily in its gracious sway.  
Her face is like a delicate ocean shell  
So exquisite in shade of pink and white  
On closer look her deepest blue eyes tell  
To mingle with the angels she's the right.  
Upon her lips a playful winning smile  
Suddenly departs as now her grace  
Bends towards her with no visible guile  
An angel and a devil face to face.  
The woman reads her doom in Orlof's eyes  
As bending close beside the queenly girl  
She hears his pleading rapturous lover's sighs  
The torments of the dam'ed in vicious whirl  
Surges thro' her brain with jealous hate  
He loves her—and his heart is hers I know  
The castle, Ah! the castle is her fate  
And then—the river rushing black below  
His passionate love for Natalie stamps his face  
With illumination, happiness and joy  
His ardent hopes and youthful heart will race  
Against all odds for gold without alloy  
The woman — witch — her heart on fire with  
rage

Hellish hate and jealous envy deep  
    Manevolently smiles—ah!—who can gauge  
The treachery of which we have a peep.  
    The pale faced girl I hate! I'll have her life  
His love I swear shall be mine—all mine  
    Rather than live and know she was his wife  
The greatest bliss of life I would resign.  
    I cannot understand this fierce wild love  
Which shatters the joys of life which I have  
    known  
    I've never sighed to be the mating dove  
The gypsy's love and hate has now made moan.  
    I cannot bear this choking stifling air  
The happy lovers pass her calmly by  
    The room grows dark to Madame Lascaire  
Altho' her burning, tearless eyes are dry  
    A jeweled mirror back reflects her face  
Suddenly grown pale and wan and thin  
    Leaving of her beauty scarce a trace  
She flies to concealed rooms—and once within  
    Their secret walls her undoing beholds  
Standing there before her polished glass  
    Age claims her in its unrelenting folds  
She writhes and screams a false and broken mass  
    The curling ringlets of her hair has gone  
And in their place are shocks of whitened hair  
    She tears them out—as fiercely wild and long  
Her shrieks and wailing cries now pierce the air.  
    The firm white hand so perfect and so slender  
Is purpled nailed and like a withered claw  
    No one in all the world would now defend  
    her  
Her hideous face no sympathy could draw.  
    She sees her face take on the look of death  
She tears the cheeks that lately were so red  
    Oh, fading beauty! and fast fleeting breath

So stands the witch with sunken templed head.

From her brow she tears the gleaming jewel  
Tears in shreds the silken gauzy dress

Ah! that nature thus should be so cruel  
She suffers deeply now we must confess.

Much like a skeleton she stands  
Bones and parchment like sin

Life exacts its huge demands  
Against the strength of her dark skin—

O, hope of youth lost for a time  
The witch cries forth with a bitter wail

The hope of love with soothing rhyme  
Has come to me without avail.

Oh, woeful sight this hideous face  
Her claw like hands clutch empty air

On the floor amidst her splendid lace  
Crouched the hag who was so fair.

For hours she lay there deeply moaning  
Writhing torments tore her heart.

Breathing hard and faintly groaning  
Loathe was she with youth to part.

Across the floor on hands and knees  
She drags herself with feeble power

Will her wild wailings never cease?  
Now the witch is seen to cower

And clutching at a darkened robe  
Winds its many numerous folds

About her now none could probe  
The secret she alone condoles.

She leaves a letter to Natalie  
Come at once to Madame Lascaire

To the castle near the valley  
I will meet you fair one there.

With head and face deep in her mantle wrapped  
She crawls and crouches through the brilliant  
halls

Like a snarling panther whose been trapped.

The lights and strains of music on her palls.

Not daring once to raise her loathsome eyes  
Bent and crouched she fled into the night

The guests dispersing made many wond'ring  
cries

Why Madame Lascaire should take to flight.

On to the castle speeds the midnight hag

Muttering curses through her withered lips

Cursing the reigning powers who thus would  
drag

Away from her the luscious honey sips.

The gypsy's life was short I thought not so

Of late I'm falling quickly from my throne

I'll not give up the struggle,—no—no—

I'll conquer this without a threat or groan

Henceforth I will take much more precaution

I'll double the lives I've taken as of yore

Her hands clutched in convulsive contortion

My soul cries out to live, Ah! more and more.

She neared the dense black forest just at break  
of day

Met a youthful lad going out to toil

Stopped and asked of him the way

Her blackhearted purpose thus to foil.

A witch lives in the castle said the lad

All the humble villagers believe

They say of course a woman who is mad

And from the devil's strength to live receive.

She has lived there many, many years they say

Alone and any one who ventures there

Never comes out alive again—I pray

You go not near the cursed castle's glare.

The children in the village—when night falls

Never tread the clearing near the wood

The mothers in the early evening calls

The children in—the woman there's not good.

The child looked up when this speech said

And met the woman's gleaming eye

Back from her head her mantle laid.

The lad his eyes turned to the sky,  
The blood in his young veins is froze  
With terror deep and awful fright  
A piercing scream from him arose  
And not a living soul in sight  
To save him from the devil fiend  
With gasping fright the child grew cold  
The reptile's eyes which the night had screened  
Turns on the lad her powers bold  
And wrests from him his budding youth  
And gloating in the mornings ray  
On to the castle—and forsooth  
The child lies dead by the dense roadway.  
In the gloomy castle now again  
Crouches the woman down in mute despair  
A face is haunting her with bitter pain  
A girl with deep blue eyes and golden hair  
I must bring her here by false devise  
Word I've sent her that I am ill  
Madame Lascaire—will kill her in a thrice  
And with her life my waning life force fill.  
Then speedily I'll wend me to my palace  
There will shine—Ah!—young and fair again  
I see me now upon the moonlit terrace  
The queen to knightly Orlof will I reign.  
And when I've drank my draught of her young  
life  
I'll pluck her eyes out, I hate her so.  
No life in all my long dark years of strife  
Has baffled me with this dread so low.  
While I hate her yet I fear her  
Something in her smites my heart  
And forebodings dark engender  
Fears of which I fain would part.  
This love for Orlof my heart is eating  
Through and through with awful pain  
Ah! the joys of life are fleeting



Love is singing its sad refrain  
In the heart of the hag of midnight  
Scorching her with firey brand  
With the daylight's fading twilight  
Sinks the witch in slumber land.

Natalie receives the message  
At the palace of Madame Lascaire  
Of suspicion not a vestige  
Of the fatal meaning there.  
On the following sunlit morn  
The hour the dew dries on the grass  
To see the sick who are forlorn  
Natalie the angel is seen to pass  
Along the roadway toward the wood  
In a pale blue dress the girl is clad  
The wild birds sing with welcome joy—should  
The butterflys alone be glad?  
As flitting around the sweet Natalie  
She trills and swings in childlike glee  
Surely this must be the valley  
Soon the castle I will see.  
Her flaxen hair hangs in heavy braids  
Tied with little knots of blue  
Of the City's wondrous maids  
Natalie is the fairest and good and true.  
Her arms and shoulders with softest white  
Finest veiling is amply puffed  
A golden cord laced her corsage tight  
Around her throat some silk is ruffed.  
The sweet faced maiden treads along  
The edge of the forest dark  
The sunbeams fall on her like song  
High o'er head now sings the lark.  
Into the tangled woods she disappears  
Wondering that the woman should come here

Before her eyes the dark old castle rears  
Its hidden outlines now are standing clear.  
I'll ask you for the sick Madame Lascaire  
She told the hag who peeped out at the door  
This way she cried with hidden vicious glare  
She led the girl across the dark'ned floor  
And into the room where first we saw the witch  
She turned the key within the rusty lock  
Into the room with tracing rare and rich  
Into the room where unseen devils flock.  
I'm Madame Lascaire the horrid creature cried  
Now turning round full faced upon the girl  
The saying I was sick—I readily lied  
Her thin lips now so sneeringly curl  
I brought you here to die—yes die—  
She screamed and laughed with fiendish glee  
None will ever hear your dying cry  
And none will ever know but me.  
Nay—cover up your eyes with your white hands  
Nay shudder—there with fright and moan and  
sway  
Your life must yield to my commands  
You have lived on earth your one last day.  
Hundreds of years I've lived on such as you  
And now you feed me for a time  
Orlof will find a mistress new  
As over your dead body thus I climb  
And reach the height of all earthly ambition  
By the power which you now feel.  
And no amount of wealth or no condition  
Will deviate my purpose which is real.  
Have mercy, Oh! have mercy, sobbed Natalie,  
And let me to my Orlof sped away  
Her sinking voice she quickly tries to rally  
On my knees I'm pleading that I may.  
My Orlof will miss me—gentle Orlof  
Whom I love with all my woman's heart  
He would die for me—Ah! do not scoff  
His heart would break if we should ever part.

Oh, do not look at me with such expression  
Your eyes are like the snakes who fascinate  
Natalie shivers at this bold digression  
Her sinking heart cries out this is her fate.

Orlof seeks Natalie in the meantime  
Listening to the story which he hears  
Loosing all his mirth and song and rhyme  
In his heart there arises sick'ning fears,  
He hears Natalie strayed away that morning  
Out toward where the forest lies so dense  
Now evenings glow and hidden vesper bells ring  
A horror deep has rooted now his sense.  
Into the black forest Orlof speeds  
Some unknown power seem to draw him on  
The night grows dark, a night for hidden deeds  
A deathly dread is falling now upon  
His heart, can it be that Natalie dear  
Has wandered to this lonesome place.  
A flickering light now shines out clear  
And against the window he pressed his face.  
Oh God! to him what a sight revealed  
His Natalie gasping and deathly white  
His blood turned hot and then congealed  
He sees Lascaire—by the dim candle's light  
O'er the form of Natalie bending  
She whose deep blue eyes are set  
Screams the witch with shrieks unending  
And her gleaming eyes like jet.  
Give thy life—why do you foil me?  
Give thy life—all hell commands  
Orlof—sighs the sweet Natalie  
I will meet you in fairer lands.  
Powers of darkness aid me now  
I lack strength to wrest her life  
Devils—fiends to hell I bow  
Help me in this first met strife.  
Bending o'er Natalie nearer



Oh! ye powers of darkness save me  
The prison house—the worms—the slime  
Oh! from death I now must flee—  
'Tis falsely said—death is sublime.



Sways the witch with reddish eyes  
"Orlof thou to me art dearer"  
Is her almost lifeless cries.  
Like a whirlwind through the window  
Springs Orlof—majestic—grand—  
With a groan now wailing low  
Lascaire, the witch, will take the stand.  
And glaring at the intruder new  
Orlof staggers from such eyes  
Thou dupe and fool what would you do?  
You walk to death—I would advise  
Back! hellish witch—incarnate fiend  
She meets his look with weakened sight  
A dangerous light in his dark eyes gleamed  
The struggle is one of awful might.  
Back tho' horror foul and black  
In to the depths of hell repair  
Your crimes shall be the tortuous rack  
Devils and ghouls await you there.  
She crouches down and whispers hoarse  
My power is gone—all—all—is lost  
She crawls aside with arising force  
Her life I'll have at any cost.  
Staggering back with visible weakness  
Shrieks and around the room she reels  
In her face no sign of meekness  
Fear of death is what she feels.  
Oh, ye powers of darkness save me  
The prison house—the worms—the slime  
Oh, from death I now must flee  
'Tis falsely said death is sublime.  
Vague and indefinite thoughts impress  
Her weakening mind with horror deep  
Now surging bitter memories repress  
The strength to live she cannot keep.  
Back from her thou tortured vampire

Orlof hurls the hag away

I would see you thus expire

Now before the break of day

Now she writhes and shudders—now cowers

Hellish sounds she shrieks aloud

Death I feel—Oh, midnight powers

All is passing in a cloud.

Her glittering eyes roll more and more

As if before them visions float

A writhing mass now upon the floor

Her claw like hands clinch her bony throat.

With rattling death throes she is convulsed

The prison house—the slimy worms—

In broken wails—no more repulsed.

Death will make with her no terms.

Shrunk—drawn—now in awful aspect

Mercy—mercy—in gasping cries

Her black soul earth and heaven reject

Thus Lascaire the witch now dies.

Orlof quickly grasped the faint Natalie

Through the doors into the cool night air

And safely in her sister's arms Eulalie

The pale faced girl receives abundant care.

The wedding bells pealed forth in early spring

And Orlof and the fair Natalie wed

As passed the happy years the joyous ring

Of bright eyed children—yet tears are shed.

When Orlof tells the little ones the story

About the dark old castle in the wood

And daily praises God in all his glory

For power to live—and live his life out good.

There is no compensation on this earth

For all the joy and sorrow which we feel

Only when we've passed the second birth

Are we in the land where joy is real.

August 15, 1895.

PRAYER TO KNOWLEDGE.

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Thou God to which I humbly bow a knee  
And kneel devoted at thy glorious shrine  
With meekness and intense fidelity  
I worship at thy altar divine

Thou God to which I reverently kneel  
Thou God to which I fervently pray  
Lead me through the darkness which I feel  
Is but the breaking of a sunlit day.

Thou God which I accept as absolute  
Thou watchword of the day and dark'ned night  
Thou God whose laws cannot refute  
That thou art all—and Infinite.

August 14, 1895.



## THE STORY OF NOURHALIA.

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Twelve maidens in Greece, hovered o'er burning incense  
To call from the realms of the darkest midnight  
Nourhalia the song bird—of fame—so intense  
Was their wish that they heeded not the time's flight.

They had heard of the soul as a deep hidden story  
Forbidden to them—they should ever explore—  
Curious enough—woman like—to their glory  
They yearned for a glimpse of that dark foreign shore

As a childish song of dense mythical creation  
Was the eastern Nourhalia, whose grandeur and fame  
Held to these Grecian maids a deep relation  
As they sang in that past age the praise of her name.

Nourhalia they knew had rare beauty and wealth  
Fame and true love had been laid at her shrine  
Jewels and gold had been brought without stealth  
To the eastern Nourhalia—the song bird divine.

This night in the temple to famed Isis reared  
Twelve Greek maids of Athens have fearlessly crept  
Unknown to the populace is now what they feared  
Their night vigil in secret must faithfully be kept.

Crouched round the dark embers of dense perfume burning  
Green myrtle and odors of sweet burning thyme  
The secret of life are they inwardly learning  
They learn life and death is a most perfect rhyme.

Oh! come sweet Nourhalia if such be thy power  
And tell us of wisdom from thy happy home  
We pray thee upon us thy deep knowledge shower  
And pity our misery as we restlessly roam

Thro' this vast world of Greece so dear to our heart  
For all that we love are centralized here  
Tell us of thy life that we may impart  
Knowledge to those which we deem very dear.

A spot in the center takes on a white light  
An illuminated shadow now quickly appears  
An angelic presence of wondrous sight  
With a wave of her hand she quiets their fears.

A creature so saint like now stands in their view  
A halo of light shines around her forehead  
A vision of beauty and youth now grew  
Before the Greek maids stand a soul from the dead.

And art thou Nourhalia cried one maid more bold  
Than the rest of her sisters who clung round her side  
I am Nourhalia out from the great fold  
Your wish for me brings me from the great tide.

Of souls who pass on from this vast worldly plain  
On to the realms of pure calm delight  
Tell us thy story cried the maiden again  
Said the angel—I'll tell you my story to-night.

I was a strange mixture of sadness and mirth  
As a child: and depression and cheer  
Surely the fates that attended my birth  
Have ruled my life perfectly clear.

In earliest years I knew that within me  
A deep hidden power there silently lay  
Not knowing its meaning it saddened distressingly  
All the bright side of the sunniest day.

Nature I loved from my earliest remembrance  
I worshipped the glorious sunrise in the East  
When eventide rested its calm slumbering glance  
I worshipped the sunset, and that not the least.

For when the night came and the bright moon arising  
And riding majestically on through cloudland  
As each moment passes, new visions devising—  
I silently worshipped, the scenes were so grand.

And a night of bright starlight would set my heart beating  
With love for the heaven's and ecstasy sweet  
Would prevail my whole being as if wildly entreating  
Those far away stars would my lone spirit greet.

And the woods and the lakes, the birds and the flowers  
I adored with a childlike yet rapturous glee  
The world was a wonder as swift sped the hours  
And everything in it meant so much to me.

Ah! sad is the day when earth with its treasure  
Is nothing to us but a page of past fame  
Ah! sad is the day when the world yields no pleasure  
When the world means to us but a cold empty name.

A wild storm at night I loved with devotion  
Alone in the dark I've had many a stroll  
Yet never alone was my oft fancied notion  
I loved the wild storm and the dull thunder's roll.

And the wildest storm winds that ere blew o'er the surface  
Of earth from the midnight's Plutonion shore  
Unheard brought to me a sweet greeting of grace  
The wilder the night storm I loved it the more.

At twilight when vesper bells slowly were ringing  
And pealing soft melody out on the air  
That hour when all earth and the angels were singing  
The hour when the thought of God rests everywhere.

Oh, blest hour of youth when the heart was all purity  
Resting serene from the world and its wiles,  
Oh, blessed hour of youth when the heart had security  
Away from the world with its sins and its smiles.

Oh, lost hours of youth when music's grand flow  
Was harmony divine; Ah, content was our lot  
Before the deep wisdom of what we must know  
Comes: that men and women appear,—what there not.

Thus life was a joy until contact with people  
They will warp one unless you have care in extreme  
As the richer the church is the higher the steeple—  
Adoration of self is their excellent theme.

The nature of people brought knowledge of treachery  
Knowledge of hypocrisy, crime and deceit.  
In the realms of dear Nature we never find leachery  
Oh, why does not man to her altar retreat?

How sad 'tis to know that one would betray you  
For a small bit of gold which comes out of the ground.  
Sad 'tis to know that one would not befriend you  
They want flesh and blood, and a pound for a pound.

Then came a deep pain in my heart sighed Nourhalia  
Love touched my young soul with his magical rod  
A pale youth with dark eyes without pomp or regalia  
I worshipped my idol—yes, next to my God.

Now shattered all idols—like wind bubbles broken  
The prismatic colors forever all gone  
Remembrance is left to me now the one token  
Of a dream that was soothing and sweet as a song.

Yet I knew that this love wildly growing within me  
Must never be centered upon mortals here  
The still voice within said to me so silently,  
Relying on me thou hast nothing to fear.

This deep power within me grew firmer and stronger  
As glided the years taking with them youth's hours  
Until calmly relying and doubting no longer  
The truthful communion with high unseen powers.

Men loved me, I charmed them, they worshipped, adored me  
I knew how to reach their soul's secret desire  
Without a known effort their thoughts I read clearly  
The secret I held made their hearts burn like fire.

Man's a perfect reflection of presiding circumstance  
His vacillating nature, this reflection rules,  
Implicitly truth and man are at variance,  
They represent beasts and the women are fools.

Aye—fools indeed are the women in love affairs  
Fools and silly things are they in hate  
Fools of the world sink they under its heavy cares  
A dupe and a fool is most women's fate.

The love of man ne'er has been won by devotion  
Expressed idolization, or solicitous care  
The righteousness of it, the one palling lotion  
The woman who fools them—they cling to the snare.

Man never loves woman—man loves only man  
Which all the past ages stand out and attest  
There's a mutual antipathy between them the ban  
The search for true love is a drear, fruitless quest.

To follow a fair mirage is man's keenest enjoyment  
No matter how straggling or rough is the way  
And grasping to gain it is blissful employment  
The bruises and groans make a rosy pathway

And men when in love are a phase of their planet  
'Tis a directed signal from that far away shore  
That right royal lover, Anthony, at sunset  
Enjoyed Cleopatra but loved Anthony more.

He died in her arms because he loved—Anthony—

'Twas bliss to his soul to look in her eyes

Thou art an example, Oh, Anthony—Anthony—

Which ever indeed should make people wise.

Thus! thus! said Nourhalia when men came before me

They were but as shadows before my clear glass

And O, what grim specters dwelt in some with glee

I could read all their lives and their thoughts as they pass.

Some men are made up of gorilla like essence

So beastly and fierce—that I shudder and sigh

And some—you'd be poisoned by their very presence

So loathsome and vile is the gleam of their eye

These men are inhabited with vermin and reptiles

With brutes of low order they are on a line

Their touch is polluting and ever defiles

A horror before me they clearly define.

And some men are fine as a thread of spun gold

They mix not repellently with much dross of earth

Wisdom and manliness stamps on them a mould

And these men are gods—gods from their birth.

This secret within me these deep truths discerned

I saw man as he was and not what he appeared

From a beautiful exterior I have often times turned

At the hideous vision of the soul which there leered.

Ah! 'twas an experience which had in it no pleasure

To know false humanity has in it no cheer

Humanity yields but the least which we treasure

'Tis only of man we need have any fear.

He crushes and grinds, both himself and his brothers

By his cruelty, tyranny—his intense selfishness

By dealing continually injustice to others

Is the path which he looses his own happiness.

Humanity is blind through its own meagre pride—

Blind to the beauties of each passing age

In harmony's law they must needs abide

When the grand book of life is a wide open page.

So away from the people I soon found true restfulness

Away from their cringing and plain seen deceit

Altho' many a day I yearned for forgetfulness

I soon reached a joy in my own small retreat.

I had for companions true souls yet not mortals

Oh, blest be the power which had brought them to me

The doors of a world had now opened the portals

O, joy to my heart! I could enter and see.

The truth I had searched for—and searching found—never

O, joy to my heart! I now found truth real

I'll live in this world aye forever—and ever

So deep is the tremendous joy that I feel

Men cannot appear in this world what they are not

'Tis visibly written alone what they are

Which proved to my soul and I had not forgot

The deep power within me I never should mar.

The delights of this world no pen can define

The beauteous scenes upon which my eyes rest

Now millions of worlds to my vision resigns

Some secrets they've kept from me years, which was best

And the women in this world hold their true position

A fool cannot ape to be great when the're small

Where truth is the plan it needs no definition

It will classify rightly and harmonize all.

Hours spent in this world was to me more than fame

So exquisitely sweet was the joy I found there

And when this world fauned and bowed to my name

It reached not my heart with its lone silent care

I lived in my flower bedecked bower of enchantment  
Loving and loved through many long years  
And the friends of my solitude help'd my advancement  
Pass'd this vale of sorrow, which has so many tears.

I could see and could hear from one world to the next  
Could soar through much distance with very great ease  
Harmony alone was my watchword and text  
'Tis the amulet 'gainst which opposition will cease.

I would willingly stay in this realm for all time  
Yet back on this earth must I linger awhile  
Contented and happy for thro' my songs rhyme  
I brought peace to some and to others a smile.

Thus all men and women and all things of earth  
With the years pass forever—forever away  
To yearn for these is to cling to lost mirth  
It is striving to keep what is sure to decay.

Said Nourhalia, when death came it found me quite willing  
I had lived in the sphere past mortals so long  
I laid down the burden called life—my heart filling  
With rapturous joy for this bright land of song.

And wealth in this land is the joy of the heart  
And fame in this land is the joy of the soul  
Of love in this land we are a great part  
As millions of drops makes the vast ocean's roll.

Said Nourhalia—the story I tell you is true  
Altho' the clime that is yours—bore not me  
In all ages of time the changes are few  
The now is forever expressed eternity.

I go said Nourhalia—back—back—to my sunshine  
Stay—stay—cried the maids with anguishing cry  
One word said Nourhalia—while here live divine  
And you walk in the pathway that leads to the sky.



And the touch of true love is a breath of high heaven  
And truth is the gem which opens the door  
As the notes of all music on earth number seven  
Completeness of Peace is where we may soar.

And here on this earth that rest may be gained  
By pursuing the course I have laid out for you  
Said Nourhalia all earthly wealth that is famed  
Is grasped by the soul when alone it is true.

With the smile of an angel and a wave of her hand  
Vanished Nourhalia, out in to the night  
She's gone—said the maidens—unto her sunland  
And the spot where she stood was a roseate light.

Twelve maidens crept out from the temple unseen  
By any keen eye for all the town slept  
The knowledge they'd learned—solemnly between  
Each other—they swore—forever be kept.

And as the grand Grecian race passes away  
One of these wisdom steep'd maidens appear  
In their turn at each age—read the oracles by day  
And make to their followers,—their meaning most clear.

As clad in their white robes—sandal and gown  
In the temple a priestess of knowledge divine  
Serve they with faithfulness, which makes them renown  
To Vesta the Virgin—their lives they consign.

And when the last echo of noble Greece falls  
The Cumean Sybil—tells her prophecys true  
Ringing aloof through its temples and halls  
Heeded alone by those perfect and few.

Ah, land of bright sunlight, whose shores the blue Aegean  
Guard—yes—so lovingly and fondly caress  
Thy people descended from that God gifted Magician  
Whatever thy frailties—we love thee none less.

Ah! land of bright sunlight—of sweet song and rhyme  
Thou gods and goddesses in life and in art  
Thy ruined cities alone speak thy time  
In the vast passing ages thou art only a part.

Change and decay is the law of all things  
Upon this terrestrial globe, which we tread  
And above all is divine music which sings  
As we chant the praise of this nation now dead.

HELEN F. TROY,

September 9, 1895.

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